THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 5, for May, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The TRIAL of MUSIC.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for June.
3. PATTERNS for BORDERS.

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NOTICES.

Of the *attempt* of our friend "*Clericus*" we can only say, that "*it won't do.*" We would, however, just ask him, *en passant*, where he discovered that the *Spirits* of the dead have either *manes* or *tails?* We hope they have not *hoofs* in addition, as we feel a mortal antipathy to the *cloven foot!*

If "*Curio*" be, as he describes himself, a "*constant reader*" of our Magazine, he *must* know that we do not meddle with *Politics.*

"*Rosalthè*" would do well to consult some judicious friend, before she send any more of her verses for publication.

"*Zoïlus*" is too severe on the fair sex.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1814.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 118—*with a Plate.)*

Mr. Middleton, to Ph. Sydney, Esq.

P. S. to the preceding Letter.

No, Sydney! it would not do! Music could no more allay the storm of contending passions within my bosom, than appease the elemental storm which raged around me, but which I heeded not—lost and bewildered, as I was, in melancholy musing. Though the North-east wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the hills were covered with snow; yet the scene before me, however rough and bleak, seemed stillness and serenity itself, compared to the turbid state of my agitated mind. The poor lad played and sang till he was hoarse and cold: but I was not amused. The form of Miss Lenox —of Lady Mandeville, I should say —swam before my eyes: my distempered mind found in this boy's mellow tones a resemblance to Matilda's fine voice; and I fancied it was she singing to her enraptured husband.

I was to have dined at Mrs. Gordon's; but your epistle had so discomposed me, that I could not possibly think of going out that day. I therefore sent an apology, that they might not expect me, pleading indisposition as an excuse for not waiting on them.

In the morning I went to the hermitage.—I was so absent and dispirited, that the Laird took notice of it, and made many affectionate inquiries after my health. To answer them, I read to him the letter I had received from you. When I had done, he looked up at me, and smiled. "Middleton," said he, "you are a young man: I will therefore make some allowance for your disappointment; for I perceive, that, notwithstanding their impropriety, you have encouraged delusive hopes. Such as you have described Lord Granville's daughter, could you possibly suppose that she would long continue single? She is married, and will, I dare say, be happy; and so may you, if you make a proper use of your reason."

This old man is right, Sydney; and all that you have said on this subject, ought to have had its proper effect. But what have I said? Miss Lenox never could have been mine: I never had such a thought. To see her sometimes, to listen to the melody of her voice, to know that she was happy, formed the sum of all my wishes: but my soul sickens at the thought of her being the wife of Lord Mandeville.

When I quit these Highlands, I will pass the rest of my life with you at Rosemount.—Once I refused the noble offer you made me of sharing your fortune: I should have been unworthy of the friendship in which I have so long been happy, if I had accepted a proposal so romantically generous.—By the benevolence of my venerable friend, I shall be possessed of a moderate independence, without the least injustice to any creature breathing; and independence, however confined, is what I have ever sighed for. I will then enjoy this competence in your society, and will endeavour, as you

have done, to renounce all thoughts of woman-kind. But is it possible, Sydney, that I can ever think, as you do, that a sex, apparently given by the Creator for a blessing and a solace amid the cares and misfortunes of life, should be destined only to aggravate, instead of alleviating, our anxieties and trouble? Such is at present your uncharitable opinion: but rather say, with the poet,

> "O woman! lovely woman! nature form'd you
> To make man happy: we'd been brutes without you."

I will, therefore, not listen to such an infidel as you on this subject: nor will I, for some time to come, trust myself with one fascinating glance from the dove-like eyes of Lady Mandeville.

Farewell!—I will write to you again, when I have seen Mr. Fortescue, and tell you whether he bears the news of Miss Lenox'es marriage with as much philosophy as I do.—Ever sincerely yours,

H. Middleton.

Lord Mandeville, to Colonel Raymond.

Emma and I are one—fast bound as the priest can tie us. Yes, Raymond, much as I formerly railed against marriage, I made my vows at the altar with a cheerful and willing heart; and the most amiable and delicate of women shall experience the most unremitting attention and tenderness from me.

At the same time that I was made happy, the enraptured Aubrey received the hand of one of the loveliest women in England; and they accompanied us to my house in Hertfordshire.

My wife knows to whom I am writing, and has just asked me, in her soft manner, if Colonel Raymond will not pay me a visit, now I have commenced Benedict.—I tell you what, Frank—I had determined in my own mind, that, if ever I should marry, I would never admit you into my house; not that I should be afraid of you, (mind that)—but because you are such a profligate, that I should apprehend your very breath would contaminate the purity of a delicate woman. But I don't know how it is—I have been so long accustomed to you, that I cannot entirely shake you off; (you see how difficult it is to eradicate bad habits) so you may e'en come, if you will. But I charge you not to stare so impudently at Lady Aubrey, as you did when I introduced her to you in town, when she was Miss Pembrook: for, depend upon it, if you do, Aubrey will make nothing of thrusting his sword through your body; therefore mind how you behave yourself.

You will perhaps ask me how I gained my gentle maid, how I wooed, and by what means I won her. Our courtship would be incomprehensible to *you*: sentiment animated us both; and sentiment in love is what *you* have no conception of.—Come, however, Frank, and be a witness of my happiness—a happiness, which, I trust, is built upon a sure and permanent foundation.

Experience strengthens an opinion, which I have long entertained, that a man of nice sensibility should never marry a beauty. Sir Frederic Aubrey, young, amiable, and rich, united to the woman he adores, will not, I fear, be perfectly happy. A handsome woman is not ignorant of her personal accomplishments; and she cannot help feeling a conscious satisfaction at the homage that is constantly paid to her charms. Lady Aubrey, if I mistake not, has too much of this feminine weakness about her, for her husband's peace.

When you were with me in town, I perceived, on your first introduction to her, that you were struck with her beauty; and, whenever you met her afterwards, you attached yourself entirely to her. And, as you are pretty happy in having a voluble flow of soft nothings at command, the too lively Charlotte, though she knew you were a professed libertine, was evidently pleased with you, and gave you every opportunity of pouring flattery into her ear, without heeding the visible anguish in the countenance of the man she loved, who doted on her to distraction, and to whom she was so soon going to be married. How little, how very little, did this imprudent behaviour make her appear in my eyes! and how very thankful was I in my heart, that she was not to be *my* wife!—I am convinced, however, that she is perfectly virtuous, and fond of her husband: but that desire of universal admiration discovers such a want of delicacy and sentiment, as would make the loveliest woman in the world disgusting to me.

Lady Aubrey is sister to my wife, and married to my friend: his honor is therefore connected with mine. Remember this, Aubrey; and, if these considerations are of no consequence in your opinion, do not come here. In every other respect, I know you to be a man of principle; but, with regard to women, I know that you allow yourself an unbounded freedom. But, after what I have said, I am certain you will not breathe an unhallowed wish under my roof. Come then, Frank, and see my sweet Emma. She had not charms to attract your roving eyes; but she is handsome: yes, whatever you may think to the contrary, I swear, that, to me, she is very handsome.—Could you see her, when I tell her, (which I cannot help doing a thousand times in a day) how happy she has made me—could you see her expressive eyes sparkle with delight—could you see the animated transport that glows in her cheek—even *you* would think her lovely.

The good old lady my mother shed tears of transport, when I declared to her my intention of taking unto me a wife; and I was highly gratified by the affectionate and tender manner in which she received my Emma, when I introduced her to Her Grace. But, if I say much more to you about my wife, you will think me the most uxorious husband that ever breathed.

I have some notion that His Grace, my elder brother, has some thoughts of following my example, and venturing himself within the pale of matrimony. Lord Granville's daughter is the present object of my brother's attention: he is lavish in his encomiums on her.

As for you, Frank, you have no true taste with regard to women. Miss Lenox, you say, is a cold insensible woman: you own that her person is elegant, but that her manner freezes you. These ideas originate in your depraved taste, as I have told you before: you are a mere sensualist; your attachment to the fair sex is altogether for their personal charms. Now Miss Lenox is more soul than body: yet is that body lovely enough to awaken desire in the bosom of an anchorite. My brother sees charms in her, and will, in all probability, gain that amiable woman. His proposals will be such as Lord Granville cannot object to; and, as Miss Lenox is determined to please her parents in the most important event of her life, she will, if they desire it, give her hand to His Grace; but her heart, her invaluable heart, he never will possess.

I love my brother, though our ideas

of happiness are widely different. The duke is what the world calls a good sort of a man: his judgement is sound, and he understands a bargain or sale better than his steward. Matrimony, in his opinion, is a necessary business in the commerce of life; and a connexion with Miss Lenox will be very desirable to him in every point of view: her family, her person, and lastly (though not the least article in his estimation) the large fortune left to her by her grand-father, independent of what her father may give her—all these considerations induce His Grace to be very frequent in his visits at Lord Granville's; and I can perceive that Miss Lenox rather expects than wishes for his declaration in form. Placid, easy, and unaffected in her reception of his gallantry, she is polite, friendly, and unreserved in her behaviour to him; and he is perfectly satisfied with this manner.

If this match takes place, they will jog on through life very comfortably, and perhaps as happily as Emma and I shall, who passionately love each other. For, as my brother has no idea of that refined sensibility which tore the fine-strung nerves of poor Sterne to pieces, he will not hear the soft sigh which will sometimes escape the bosom of his wife; he will not observe her tremors, her glowing cheeks, at the mention of the name of the man she once loved—the man, whom her high and proper notions of filial duty forbade her to think of—but whose image, in spite of herself, still sits enthroned in her heart.

You will ask me perhaps, who is the supposed happy man that Miss Lenox sighs for. That is nothing to you, Frank; nor do I know to a certainty that my suspicions are just. But of this I am well convinced, that the Duke of L*** would not have been the chosen of Matilda's heart. You have often told me that you wondered that this lady was not the object of *my* regards, as there seemed to be such a perfect similarity of sentiment between us: and you more than once observed to me, that no man, of the least degree of refinement, and disengaged in his affections, could be often in her company, before the irresistible graces of her person and manner would engross his whole soul. But, the very first day I saw her, her air, her manner, the expression that beamed in her fine countenance, told me that she had not a heart to give: and this opinion, which I have never had reason to alter, secured me against the influence of her attractions. My brother sees not this: and, if they be united, I hope he never will.

My Emma says, "Must such a woman as Miss Lenox pass her life in continual struggles with her feelings? must the attention and assiduity she pays her husband, originate only from the cold principles of duty and respect? Must the most animated tenderness, the most delicate ideas of reciprocity of sentiment, be extirpated from her heart? or if they continue to exist there, they cannot contribute to her happiness: on the contrary, they will only prey on her peace; and the most enlightened of female minds will be made miserable by the possession of feelings which would have made marriage an Elysium to her, if united with the man of her heart. Surely," she adds, "the all-wise Creator, who has shed his graces on her with so liberal a hand, has not given her these his choicest gifts, to be possessed by a man who has not sufficient sensibility and discernment to see and feel their value. The Duke of L***, though my dear lord's brother, is not worthy of Matilda

enox, because his soul is not in unison with hers."

I pressed the dear enthusiast to my heart, and assured her, that I entirely agreed with her in the opinion that my brother had not a proper sense of the merits of her charming friend.—But why, Raymond, do I spend so much time in vain? why write in the language of sentiment to a man who has no idea of it—a man who has no taste for the pure and exquisite joys of conjugal felicity? Yet, if you will bu come here, I think my Emma would soon have some influence over you, and might possibly refine your sentiments.—Miss Lenox is to favor us with her company next week: and, as you love a fine voice, her melodious accents will fill your soul with rapture. This favored retreat will then be the residence of the Graces: Lady Byron and Lady Hastings will be here. Your impudent face never showed itself before among such a set of divinities.—You may flirt with Clara Hastings: for, as she is no one's property, you will invade no man's rights. I shall have no fears on her account; for her coquetry secures her from the attempts of any man. The fine edge of her feelings has been worn away by the promiscuous flirtation in which she has so long indulged with every man who chose to dangle after her: and she has lost the greatest beauty in woman—the conscious glow of modesty—that fine expressive tint, which will make even a plain woman lovely. Clara, however, has a large fortune, Raymond; and I think it would be the best thing you could do, to prevail on her to give you her hand. She is certainly handsome, and I dare be sworn that she is perfectly virtuous, as to the main point; and her connexions are desirable. You would make quite a fashionable couple: in short, I don't know any thing you could do better. Think of this, and hasten to your old and sincere friend, MANDEVILLE.

(To be continued.)

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(Continued from page 163.)

LETTER IX.

Zurich.

IT gives me no small pleasure to inform you, that, among the inhabitants of this free state, I have observed a mercantile diligence and activity which we might elsewhere look for in vain. Trade and manufactures, especially that of muslin and other cotton stuffs, have here attained a degree of perfection, which redounds as much to the credit of the Zurichers' industry, as it repays them by the rich rewards attendant on their labor. It is indeed no small gratification to behold entire towns and villages which are solely indebted to their own diligent and laborious exertions for all the comforts they enjoy.

Astonishing, truly, is the progress which trade, manufactures, and all the mechanic arts, are capable of making in a short time, if unimpeded by the arbitrary edicts of despots, by the greedy rapacity of their favorites, or the extravagance of their mistresses*: for the rise of manufactures, industry, and trade in the canton of Zurich is not of older date than the commencement

* What I here say of the prosperity of the manufacturers must not be construed into a contradiction of the remarks made in my sixth letter: indeed it cannot be considered in that light by those who are acquainted with the subject; for, my present observations are confined to Zurich, Winterthur, and two or three villages adjacent to the town; whereas, on the former occasion, I spoke of the canton in general—of the multitude groaning under the oppression of the privileged few.

of the present century*; at which period, religion—which often fails to accomplish its main purpose, that of promoting peace among the sons of men—compelled many French and Italian families to abandon their native land, and take refuge in this country, which, in return for the protection it afforded them, they enriched with their wealth and active industry. They taught their protectors the art of spinning and weaving silk and cotton, which art the Zurichers now practise in such high perfection.

But, much as I admire the flourishing state of manufactures in Zurich—much as I am delighted with the prosperity which is so visible in the town and some other parts of the canton—nevertheless, I am far from considering this flourishing state of manufactures, this commercial spirit, and their attendant wealth, as the *summum bonum*† of any nation, and, least of all, of a free nation. I hesitate not to maintain that the generality of manufactures, especially those which are subservient to the luxury and ostentatious pride of the rich, are both prejudicial and dangerous in a free state. That republic stands on a very tottering basis, who sees her existence depend on the favor of a few princes, on fashion, or on the combination of a few rivals. Suppose some more ingenious nation should at length discover the art of producing the same or similar commodities, which should be recommended by their superior beauty, goodness, and cheapness—that fashion, or the whim of the great, should incline to quite different articles—or that either neighbouring or distant princes should prohibit the importation of Swiss goods into their territories—what can then save from want and beggary between sixty and seventy thousand working people, who regularly consume, each week, the whole produce of their week's labor? how can the rich manufacturer, who now wallows in gold, continue to support his present extravagance? In such an event, will it be deemed a fortunate circumstance for a nation, that she has neglected the useful and beneficial pursuits of agriculture, to place her dependence on those arts which derive their whole support from luxury and fashion? Will she praise the wisdom of her rulers, who have not better understood and more faithfully watched over the happiness of their people?

In answer to such questions—which are not suggested by groundless fears—the Swiss authors assure us that "Providence will, no doubt, continue to bless, as it has hitherto blessed, the industry and ingenuity of the honest tradesman," &c.*—I know not whether such blind confidence, united with such improvident inattention to the dictates of reason—that monitor appointed by God to direct us to the better choice—be not a stronger instance of insult than of respect to the Supreme Being: for, why should we forego a certain good, to pursue a precarious advantage? why neglect the cultivation of our fields, merely in the fond hope that Providence will be equally disposed to bless the labors of the muslin-weaver?

Whatever praises I may hear bestowed on the fine stone houses with which the pride and luxury of the rich manufacturers have adorned, or rather indeed disfigured, some of the villages adjacent to Zurich—such buildings, nevertheless, cannot so

* Our fair readers will recollect that these letters were written before the close of the eighteenth century. Edit.

† The chief happiness—the greatest blessing.

* Who would believe it? Even such superstitious *reveries* as this have found their way into a well-known publication on Switzerland, printed in Germany!

far dazzle my eyes, as to make me overlook the wretched state of agriculture, observable in different parts of the canton of Zurich, as is the case in most other manufacturing countries.

It is impossible to maintain the position that manufactures and agriculture can thrive together on the same soil: the example of every country where manufactures flourish, as for instance, England, Holland, and—though last, not least in our favor—Switzerland itself, speaks loudly against its truth. And, if any man tell me of two or three spots in the canton of Zurich where both are successfully cultivated, I can, on the other hand, point out to him ten or a dozen, where husbandry lies languishing and neglected. For example, let any man travel from Zurich to Schafhausen by the way of Winterthur, and observe, throughout the whole of his journey, the poverty of the farmer, and the wretched state of agriculture: or let him go to Altstætten and some other places in the bailiwick of Gruning, or witness a hay-making at Wollishofen*, where he will see the boors loiter away their time, and blunt their scythes against the hard ground, in mowing down to the roots a scanty crop of poor withered grass.

Some Swiss authors † allege, as an apology for this imperfect cultivation, the great size of the villages, and the prodigious extent and distance of the lands belonging to them. But I challenge those writers to show me in Switzerland, and especially in the canton of Zurich, such extensive and widely-scattered farms, as we find in Brandenburg, in Holstein, and in the territories of Mecklenburg and Magdeburg: and yet, in those favored parts of our country, is not the soil cultivated with the greatest skill and diligence? But, surely, such apologies could not be seriously offered in a petty country like Switzerland, which is moreover subdivided into small cantons of six, ten, twenty, or thirty geographic miles in extent.

As irony in the mouth of a Switzer, this reasoning might perhaps have some effect on the negligence and laziness of his fellow citizens: but no great service is rendered to Switzerland by those German authors who with implicit fidelity repeat such observations, and establish them as the criterion of rural economy*. Remarks of this kind, when seriously made, and when seriously repeated, only prove how far our ideas are capable of being enlarged or contracted, exalted or debased, by those objects to which our eyes or our minds are habituated: and from such examples we may easily conceive why the pygmy tribe whom honest Gulliver met in his travels, were overwhelmed with such deep consternation, on beholding a man of the ordinary make and dimensions.

I must own, that, when I call to mind the various details respecting Switzerland, its extent, population, government, &c. which I have read in different books of travels published in the German language—and when I draw comparisons between Switzerland and other countries or even single cities—the immortal poet's "Much a-do about nothing" forcibly recurs to my mind. Into what insignificancy does the flourishing canton of Zurich dwindle in the eyes of the man who recollects, that, in a few suburbs of Vienna, and under the inspection of a few district com-

* This village, and all the other places here mentioned, lie in the canton of Zurich.

† And, among others, counsellor Hirzel, in the third volume of Hœpfner's Magazine.

* As is done in a well-known book on Switzerland.

missaries, live a number of people equal to the entire population of the canton of Zurich, which—notwithstanding its great and its little council, its provosts, its internal and its external administrators, and the whole pompous apparatus of senatorial dignity—does not contain above one hundred and seventy thousand souls!

Again, a population equal to that of the *great* and *systematically* governed republic of Bern—which is about three hundred and fifty thousand souls—dwell together in quiet and harmony in only a part of London, where a few peace-officers and justices, appointed by government—and little solicitous to dive into the profound politics of Machiavel or Mazarin—with wonderful facility supply all their wants with respect to internal police. The cantons of Basil, Solothurn, and Schafhausen, do not together surpass the imperial city of Hamburg in number of inhabitants*: nor do the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zūg, and Glarus—those five *respectable* republics, and most ancient members of the Helvetic union—outnumber the population who crowd the elegant streets of Berlin †.

When we draw such comparisons, Switzerland must modestly hide her 'minished head, or we must contemplate Vienna, London, Hamburg, and Berlin, with the same degree of stupid astonishment, as the natives of Otaheite gazed on Captain Cook's drum.

That the hands employed in mechanical labor in a manufacturing state are withdrawn from the labors of agriculture, is a truth so well established, as to require no additional proof. But, if any man still remain unconvinced, to such I would reply, that, in all the manufacturing villages of the canton of Zurich, the tithe on the produce of the soil has sensibly diminished, and daily experiences a further diminution: and this circumstance alone must surely furnish irrefragable proof of the baneful influence of manufactures carried to an excessive extent. The government of Zurich, indeed, willingly reconcile themselves to this loss of revenue, and even make a merit of their apparent disinterestedness in thus sacrificing to the public weal, and foregoing the tithes, rather than throw any obstacle in the way, to oppose the progress of manufactures. But this is so common and hackneyed an instance of political dexterity, that the motives which lie concealed under it, forcibly obtrude themselves upon the notice of even the most superficial observer: for it is extremely easy to prove by calculation, that the increase of the excise-duties on fabrication, and of the custom-house duties, richly compensates their loss in the tithes*.

* The canton of Basil contains thirty-seven thousand inhabitants—that of Solothurn, forty-five thousand—Schafhausen, thirty thousand—total, in the three cantons, one hundred and twelve thousand.

† The canton of Uri contains thirty thousand inhabitants—Schwyz, twenty thousand—Unterwalten, twenty thousand—Zug, twenty thousand—Glarus, sixteen thousand—total of the five cantons, one hundred and six thousand.

* The following comparative view of the receipts of the last and present centuries will place in a clear point of light the prodigious increase in the amount of the duties on the fabrication and sale of manufactured goods.

	Pf.
In the year 1691, the duties on fabrication amounted to	34,498
———— ——, the custom-house duties,	5,313
In the year 1786, the duties on fabrication were	159,117
————————, the custom-house duties,	14,185
In a subsequent year, the former amounted to nearly	200,000
————————————, the latter to between	24,000 & 25,000

Consult, on this subject, Hœpfner's Magazine.

After what I have already said—and I could add much more on the subject, were it not my wish to entertain you on other topics—you cannot but be convinced, as I am, of the incontrovertible truth, that, in proportion as manufactures flourish, agriculture decays. But I will go further, and maintain that commerce and manufactures, particularly the latter, corrupt the morals of a people, and are injurious to its population. I foresee, indeed, that this assertion, especially so far as it respects population, will be controverted by many. But so much the better: for controversy leads to truth; and, on that account, I shall the more boldly support my opinions with all the arguments which my experience and observation can furnish.

I am not indeed at present prepared to enter into this controversy, because I am on the eve of quitting Zurich, to take my course toward Bern. Besides, I have still many remarks to make respecting Zurich; which I intend to do on my way to Bern. You may, however, depend on my word, my friend, that I do not intend to decline the combat, but shall at a proper time be ready to defend my opinions with manly courage. I am, &c.

(*To be continued.*)

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 160.)

Embosomed in a woody park, the magnificent mansion of Ormville* was secluded from the eye of the distant traveller: but an ancient lodge, whose massy gates time had dignified without impairing, sufficiently announced, by their ponderous appearance, that, within its folded barriers, you might find a path to some good old castle.—An old man bending beneath his silver locks, and an old woman decrepit with age, were the venerable possessors of this ancient lodge. They had both grown grey in the service of their late hospitable master, the Marquis of Ormville, whose daughter, Lady Almeria Bulstrode, (when, at the entreaty of her father, she married Lord Darnley) insisted that this family mansion should be their principal residence. Lord Darnley acquiesced—and joyfully, at the death of the marquis, took possession of his title and estate. —The old inhabitants of the lodge were, at the desire of the marchioness, to retain their post: and now, with tottering steps and grateful smiles, they welcomed their beloved Lady to her favorite home.

The marchioness was esteemed extremely proud: but hers was only the pride of birth, the dignity of sentiment. — Affable to her inferiors, kind to her domestics, and affectionate to her dependents, she thought it no degradation of her consequence, when she condescended to stop and tell John and Mary that they would in a day or two open the gates to the marquis'es new-found daughter, and bade them repair to the Park in the evening to celebrate that happy event. "*Lard*, your ladyship!" said Mary in the true Wiltshire style, "I be main glad on't. Why, what a *mort* of company we shall *hae*, *Jan!*" And Mary's best courtesy followed the chariot wheels.

The few days that Lady Marina remained at Belvoir, were spent by her in her now solitary dressing-room, in pensive meditation. She had written to her beloved benefactress a succinct account of all that had befallen her. She would have confided to her faithful bosom the history of her mother: but could she, to excite her pity for one parent, criminate the

* Misprinted, in our last Number, *Ormwell.*—Our fair readers will excuse and correct the error.

other? Her principles revolted at the idea: she slightly touched on the subject of her intended marriage, and requested that she and Mr. Montague would, by the marquis'es invitation, meet her at Ormville Park.

With what anguish of heart did Marina, in a short note, bid farewell to Mrs. Mervil and Frances! Prudence forbade her going to the wood, and with an heroic fortitude she obeyed its cruel dictates.

Though she had hitherto studiously avoided Lord Macduff, she was resolved, when sanctioned by the company of the marchioness, to endure his society, and endeavour to think more favorably of him.

Every object which reminded her of the tranquil happiness she enjoyed at Dean-Wood, she carefully avoided:—the craggy cliff, the spacious forest, the beautiful valley, the wide and rapid river—all of which had been with so much delight traced by her pencil, were now destroyed; and, when the carriage, which conveyed her and her father from Belvoir, passed the boundaries of the Dale, she hoped her remembrance would close for ever on the beauteous scene; and, as John and Mary barred the gates on their entrance into the park, she prayed that her future happiness might be found within its spacious circumference.

We cannot silently pass over the magnificent spirit which the marchioness evinced in her preparations for Marina's reception.—All her father's numerous tenants, clad in green, received her at the gate.—Pavilions and tents were dispersed in numbers through the park, to afford them refreshments: mirth enlivened every countenance: each feature of the happy peasants seemed in unison with the jocund sound of the distant music; and Marina's approach to the mansion was hailed by the band which the benevolent marchioness had provided for the sprightly dance of her happy tenants.

A few select friends, whom this amiable woman had invited to welcome the return of the marquis'es daughter, surrounded her ladyship, as she pressed to her bosom the trembling Marina, whose mild and gentle form, fashioned by the hand of graceful Nature—blooming as the vernal rose, fair and innocent as the modest lily—justified the high encomiums of Lord Delafonte: and the marchioness, by the warmth of her embrace, evinced her sensibility to those interesting charms which fascinated the attention of every beholder.

Marina's beauty did not consist in mere regularity of form and feature: it was more the sweetness of her dimpled smile, the melody of her voice, the virtue that beamed from her azure eye, the chaste propriety of her manner and conversation, that procured for her the admiration and esteem of all who knew her, than the symmetry of her shape, or the transparent fairness of her complexion.

Oppressed by the marchioness'es affectionate reception, she would have uttered her thanks: but the expression of her countenance, as she silently raised her ladyship's hand to her lips, was an acknowledgement more congenial to the feelings of the marchioness, than if she had poured forth her gratitude in a torrent of words. — Diffidence in youth was among her catalogue of virtues: she thought it natural that a young creature, suddenly elevated from the humble condition of an obscure dependent, to the arms of a powerful father — withdrawn from the peaceful asylum of an indulgent benefactress, to be transported as it were to the pomp of splendid greatness, and placed under a mother-in-law, from

whom it was uncertain what reception she might experience—should be depressed by those feelings which are the offspring of modesty and virtuous education.

Had Marina appeared before the marchioness with that familiar ease, and unblushing front, which characterises the manners of many a modern young lady who is scarcely let loose from her leading-strings, she would have beheld her with disgust: and, though her native politeness, and her respect for the marquis, might have induced her to conceal her abhorrence, she would have felt none of that maternal kindness, that sympathising tenderness, which she unremittingly bestowed upon the grateful Marina.

Already greatly prepossessed in the marchioness'es favor, it was with infinite regret, that Marina, after she had been formally introduced to the surrounding circle, perceived the very visible alteration both in her demeanour and countenance, when she returned the compliments of Lord Macduff. She was ignorant how often he had meanly repaid her scorn by his supple submission, and therefore was additionally grieved, when she saw that it made no impression upon him; nay, that he was not even disconcerted by it: on the contrary, his low bow, and unvarying smile, evidently discovered that he did not feel it.

Her father had requested, during their journey, as the only favor he would ever ask of her, that she would never betray to the marchioness the reason of her acceptance of Lord Macduff; and, as she valued his happiness, on no account to let the secret be wrested from her. "Guard it with vigilance," said he; "and you shall ever find me indulgent to all your requests."—Again the Mervils recurred to her remembrance: and she promised to oblige him without further hesitation.

This promise now forcibly arose in her mind, accompanied by those baneful enemies to our peace—remorse, suspicion, and regret.

The marchioness beheld with anxious solicitude the pensive shade they had cast over her interesting face, and affectionately taking her hand, she said, she was afraid her new daughter had travelled too expeditiously, and would perhaps be happy to be relieved by an hour's retirement. Marina joyfully availed herself of so favorable an opportunity, and, complaining of a head-ach, withdrew to her apartment. Here (had not gratitude impelled her to return) she would gladly have passed the remainder of the evening. Jeannette's vociferous joy could not create even a momentary suspension of the pain she suffered.—In pious gratitude she humbly adored that divine goodness which had restored the reputation of her mother: she repented not of the sacrifice she had made: she would have endured the most rigorous punishment without a murmur, to have attained so glorious a reward: but every precept, moral and divine, which had been inculcated by her revered preceptors, revolted at the idea of a union with vice—to be the constant associate of a man whose licentious depravity discovered itself even in common conversation—to swear at the sacred altar to love and honor a being who held in derision every religious duty! Nature and principle shrunk from the idea:—the evident dislike of the marchioness gave confirmation to those charges which the voice of Prejudice might have heightened: and Jeannette's elaborate detail of the balls, concerts, and *fêtes*, which were to follow her arrival, was given to the winds: she heard it not. Rapt in

her own painful reflexions—the entrance of the marchioness, followed by Mrs. Montague, could alone have roused her from her silent dejection. This unexpected and joyful interview, which displayed in animated colors the grateful nature of Marina and the benevolent heart of Mrs. Montague, increased the admiration of the noble-minded marchioness; and, as Marina flew to the arms of her worthy benefactress, every trace of sadness seemed effaced from her countenance. — Jeannette was not forgotten by her old friend; and Mrs. Montague smiled at the inexhaustible loquacity of this faithful creature, as she described the joy which every body expressed at the sight of her dear child.—This was no time to enter into a minute inquiry respecting the past: and therefore Marina, no longer reluctant, attended them, and joined the select party assembled at supper.

Here Ceres united with Harmony and the Graces, to crown the festivity of this happy evening: and Marina, seated between her beloved benefactors, seemed to have forgotten that Lord Macduff was present: the joy of beholding so unexpectedly the guardians of her youth suspended even the remembrance of the hateful contract.

The next morning, while Marina was relating to them the various changes she had experienced since she had quitted their hospitable mansion, a carriage with four foaming steeds approached the house; and she beheld Lord Delafoute with impatient haste alight from it. — Generous young man! Superior to every selfish consideration, you hastened to welcome that amiable relative, whose unlooked-for restoration to her family deprived you of an immense fortune!

When he was ushered into the presence of the marquis, he expressed his impatience to be introduced to his fair cousin.—His uncle immediately complied with his request; and his heart at the same time acknowledged a secret pang, that his contract with Macduff, and his nephew's premature marriage with Miss Marby, prevented a union, which would in every point of view have been highly desirable to him.

When Lord Delafoute affectionately embraced Marina, he expressed the satisfaction he felt at meeting with so lovely a cousin in the fair partner who had once honored him with her hand; and he now solicited her friendship, in terms too flattering to be denied.—Marina hoped every thing from the influence of Lord Delafoute, and eagerly replied, that his friendship was an acquisition she should ever cherish with sisterly regard.

He apologised for the absence of Lady Delafoute, by saying (but not without evident chagrin) that her weak nerves rendered her incapable of expeditious travelling, but that he hoped to have the happiness of presenting her to Marina in a few days.

The marchioness now joined them: and the pleasure she testified at seeing her nephew, convinced Marina how much he merited the friendship he had solicited.—"I only required your presence," cried the marchioness, "to complete my felicity. This lovely girl promises to be the solace of our declining age: in you we behold the only male representative of our illustrious house; and I feel proud, when I reflect, that your virtues will transmit the lustre of its name, untarnished, to posterity."

Marina sighed. Young Mervil, equal in goodness as in birth, again obtruded on her mind; and the en-

trance of Macduff did not tend to erase the remembrance.—With pain she contemplated the instantaneous alteration his appearance produced in the features of her admired cousin.—He returned with cold indifference his cringing salutation, and, turning from him with disdain, desired that Marina would introduce him, with a favorable preface, to her friends.—How different was the cordial air, with which he addressed them!—The pleasant, lively manner, in which he condoled with them on the loss of their adopted daughter, was a striking contract to the chilling aspect which he assumed, when his eyes encountered those of Macduff.—"And is he thus universally despised by all those whom innate worth renders deserving of my regard?" she mentally exclaimed.—"Alas! my injured mother! could thy angelic spirit witness the sacrifice of thy daughter, even the reparation of thy wrongs would yield pre-eminence to thy maternal fondness—and the stain continue indelible for ever!"

"What mournful *reverie*," said Lord Delafonte, "can so suddenly have veiled in melancholy clouds the late enlivening sunshine of your charming countenance?"—The marquis instantly drew Marina from the perplexity of a reply, by saying he had ordered his cabriole, to drive her through the woods; and, in the mean time, the marchioness said, she would introduce Mr. and Mrs. Montague to the antiquities of Ormwell Park.

Marina had no opportunity, that day, of interesting Lord Delafonte in behalf of the Mervils: but the next morning, as she was pensively ruminating in the deserted breakfast-room, with joy she saw him enter it alone.

"What, at so early an hour," said he gaily, "can have induced my fair cousin to desert that downy pillow, which fashion deems it an infringement upon her laws to quit before the sun has half finished his diurnal course?"

"I have," replied Marina with a smile, "been so accustomed to behold his morning splendor, that, although emerged from my state of rusticity, you see I am still a rustic. Habit has so strongly confirmed many of my Gothic customs, that I fear I shall only disgrace this new character, which nature never designed me to assume.—You saw me yesterday suddenly enveloped by a gloom.—Though surrounded by my most valued friends, gratified by the acknowledgement of a noble father, and highly flattered by your promised esteem, my mind reverted to the humble cottage of the amiable Mrs. Mervil: and the marchioness'es address to you powerfully recalled the cruel recollection of my father's injustice to her brave and long-lamented husband."

Lord Delafonte hardly suffered Marina to conclude, before he eagerly interrupted her.—"What is it I hear?" said he, "Can that family, whom with unwearied diligence I have vainly sought for several years, be dwelling in the neighbourhood of Sedley? Is it possible? What must they not have thought of the man, who". . . . .

"You mistake me," said Marina: "they live not at Sedley.—Had not my destiny drawn me from that peaceful abode, I had still been a stranger to the many excellencies of this worthy woman."

She then related the manner in which she became acquainted with her—recited as much of her history as the time would admit—and, with all the pathos of soft persuasion, pleaded her cause.

But the active benevolence of Lord Delafonte required no stimulus to excite its exertion: he assured her, that, although but a child when he lost his mother, the strong terms in which she had recommended her brother's family to him, were too forcibly impressed upon his memory, ever to be forgotten; that, having the misfortune to lose his father a few months afterwards, (who had bequeathed him to the joint guardianship of his uncle and Lord Mortimer) it was many years before he had it in his power to make those inquiries, which his dying parent had so strictly enjoined.—"The moment I returned to England," continued he, "I left no method untried, by which I might discover the place of their retreat.—The papers had announced the death of my brave uncle: but no clue remained, to lead me to his family; and my researches invariably proved fruitless, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from my banker, signifying that, by application to a Mr. Dupont of Jamaica, who was expected in England this winter, I might (as he had been credibly informed) gain intelligence of Mr. Mervil's family.—I have written myself to that Mr. Dupont: but your information, my sweet cousin, banishes my anxiety for his answer.—I will give immediate orders for my departure to Dean-Wood, and shall only wait for your letter of introduction, to gain me a favorable reception from my aunt.—It pains me, Lady Marina, to wound your feelings by urging the necessity of concealing from your father the purport of my sudden journey: but" . . . .

The entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Montague prevented him from proceeding; and, when the family assembled at breakfast, he said he had just received some intelligence, which obliged him to absent himself for a few days, but promised the marchioness that he should return in time to be present at her grand *fête*, and claim the hand of his fair cousin.

The arrival of his carriage was soon after announced; and, approaching Marina, he requested, that if his lady arrived before he returned, she would have the goodness to undertake his cause, and, with her usual eloquence, plead an apology for his abrupt departure.

Having previously received her letter to Mrs. Mervil, which she had retired to write, the moment he had quitted her, he drove off at full speed, accompanied with the silent prayers of Marina, whose tender heart beat high with hope, that the sacrifice she had voluntarily made, would be requited, not only with restored fame to her mother's memory, but with a full redress of those injuries, which the Mervils had so undeservedly, but patiently, endured.

(*To be continued.*)

Happiness *in our own* Power.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

That "mankind are, in a great measure, the authors of their own happiness or misery," is an axiom, which, though long established, is frequently disputed.

"Can it be supposed," inquires the superficial observer, "that any one voluntarily incurs the privation of health, of fortune, of friends—in short, of all that constitutes felicity?" But those who remark more closely, are soon aware, that the magnitude of calamity is not so much in the circumstances which cause it, as in the manner in which it is borne.

It appears a reflexion upon the benevolence of an all-wise Creator,

to imagine, that whole classes of mankind, or even individuals, are destined to any disproportionate share of good or ill: for, though there are many, who seem favored beyond their fellow mortals, it is only the most prominent parts of their lot, of which the world can judge, while the secret workings of the mind—the hidden anxieties for the present, or painful anticipations of the future—are unguessed at, amid the glare of apparent prosperity.

Similar remarks are likewise applicable to those who seem to drink deepest of the cup of affliction; for, while we fancy it drained to the dregs, we perceive not the cordial drop, which was infused to allay its bitterness.

The justice of these observations cannot be more fully illustrated, than by the histories of Anna and Harriet.

They were stationed in that happy medium of life, alike remote from the dangerous allurements of dissipation, and the mortifying expedients of poverty. At the ages of sixteen and seventeen, their first affliction was the death of an excellent mother. Anna received it with the resignation and the consolatory reflexions of a Christian. Harriet, on the contrary, regarded it with an unqualified bitterness, which augmented the reality of affliction: and when, as soon as decency permitted, their father formed a new matrimonial connexion, it was not without the utmost difficulty, that the remonstrances of her friends prevented her from breaking out into open rebellion.

Anna, it is true, felt somewhat of mortified affection, to see the place of an almost idolised parent so speedily occupied, and to find things go on, "as if she had never been." But she truly, zealously, wished the happiness of her father: she knew she had no right to complain of his attempt to re-establish it, in whatever mode he judged most expedient; and she endeavoured to conquer a sentiment, which, however natural, was nevertheless unavailing, and tended to no advantage.

She had likewise felt the full weight of responsibility attached to the situation she had filled, and the want of experience to guide her through it. Without a sigh of regret, therefore, she surrendered the regulation of the family to one whom she considered as more adequate to the task; and her forbearance was soon rewarded by finding her step-mother as kind as she could reasonably expect a step-mother to be.

Accordingly, while her acquaintance pitied her reduction to a secondary place in a house which she had lately governed, she was conscious of a sort of freedom, with increase of health and strength, by being relieved from much of the anxiety which she had before endured.

In the liberty she now had of visiting her friends, she became acquainted with a young officer, who had every thing except the goods of fortune to recommend him. The small portion, which formed his paternal inheritance, was so inadequate to the style of life in which he had been brought up, that, while ignorant how to make the most of a little, he soon found, that little was left to make any thing of. He had not hitherto cared about the want of more: but the charms of Anna inspired a different set of feelings. Their attachment became mutual. It was avowed to her family; and, the more the merits of her adorer became apparent, the more difficult it seemed to reject his suit.

He had no parents to apply to; but a splendid circle of connexions

gave sanction to the alliance; and, after much anxiety and delay, it was at length completed, under the idea of their enjoying greater happiness in uniting upon any terms, than they could know in continuing separate.

The long-promised interest of his powerful friends was then called forth: but it was, unhappily, so exerted, as to diminish the felicity which their fervid imaginations had anticipated.

It threw the young couple into every scene of professional life, where difficulty and inconvenience were certain, danger probable, and remuneration precarious. Their embarrassment was further augmented by a rapid increase of family. Repeatedly, too, was the acquisition of those lovely pledges followed by their loss, aggravated by the supposition of its being occasioned by circumstances with which the tender constitutions of infancy were unequal to cope.

Their father, also, was more than once severely wounded; but, while he played the hero, their mother played the heroine. Her bodily health was shaken, but her mind stood firm. In fact, her distresses were so multiplied, that she had scarcely time to meditate upon one, before her attention was called off by another.

In short, she began to feel that sort of apathy, which, however difficult of acquisition, nevertheless enables the sufferer to sustain his allotted portion of affliction. To a total deficiency of accommodation she was become callous: to pecuniary difficulties she was accustomed: with sickness and sorrow, in every shape, she was familiarised; and, when at length she had to lament the loss of him, for whom she had endured so much, she bore this heaviest of all calamities with a fortitude that astonished those who knew how fondly, how justly, she had loved and esteemed her husband.

Heavily, it is true, did that infliction oppress her; and the world imagined that she must sink under it: but little could that world appreciate the consolatory reflexions which supported her. She recollected, that all the misery she felt, was spared to her lamented partner. She was aware that a continuance of the harassed state, in which she had latterly lived, would soon have proved too much for her constitution; and, for her children's sake, she had a motive to wish for its re-establishment. In the quietness of her widowed state, she felt at once leisure for meditation, and ability for exertion, to render the remaining pledges of her love worthy of the parent they had lost. She delighted to dwell on his sentiments, his expressions, and his actions: and, soothing herself with the idea, that the happiness they were not allowed to taste together in this life, awaited them in a better, she resigned herself wholly to the dispositions of Providence—receiving the good with thanks, and submitting to the evil with equanimity.

In her fate and her feelings, we see a proof, that, even amid sickness, poverty, and the still deeper sorrow of losing the objects of maternal and conjugal affection, content, if not felicity, may still be enjoyed; while Harriet, with every external mean of happiness, was the prey of dissatisfaction, and, without one real cause of affliction, murmured more than her sister, who had experienced the severest calamities of life.

Upon Anna's marriage, the influence she had exerted over her sister to keep all smooth with their step-mother, was at an end. Harriet yielded to all the dissatisfaction of her temper, and rendered her home

comfortless to them both. She then became passionately attached to a gentleman, who, though personally unobjectionable, had no immediate means of maintaining a wife.

The inconveniences to which such a marriage had subjected his Anna, made her father resolve upon not consenting to a second under the same circumstances, where he was well aware that there existed less either of fortitude or moderation, to support its consequences. Upon this principle, he declared that he would not sanction the alliance, till some prospect appeared of rendering it comfortable. Harriet, however, could not brook opposition.—A Scotch marriage was the consequence; and scarcely was it completed, before the death of a relation of her husband, so remote that the possession of his wealth had never entered the calculations of family speculation, enriched them to a degree beyond even their most sanguine hopes. As if this, too, were insufficient, a twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery added to the importance of the bride; and, from the most unexpected quarters, wealth continued to pour in upon them.

By her, however, it was rather spent than enjoyed. The indulgence of her husband was equally unbounded: but this she received more as a right, than a favor, and felt no obligation for his kindness. Possessing every thing, she prized nothing. The want of an heir was, for a few years, her principal subject of regret; but, when Providence gave the boon—like other gifts, it became a subject of repining. She soon looked upon her children as subjects of misery and anxiety; and, as "all is yellow to the jaundiced eye," so her distempered imagination perverted every blessing to a curse.

The husband, to obtain whom she had disregarded all prudential considerations, lost his value in her eyes: her servants she thought the worst that ever were collected together: her dependents were ungrateful, her neighbours uncivil, her relations unkind. In short, from want of something to wish for, she constantly felt a want of gratification: and, if one unhappy, dissatisfied being were to be selected from the multitude, as a warning to others to avoid their errors, the apparently prosperous Harriet might be held forth as an example, that happiness depends more upon a right frame of mind, than upon the gifts of fortune.

Penrith, April 23. Y.

Extract from the Diary *of a* Solitary Man.

. . . . and spring is come again!

Well! I have often pleased myself by comparing (although the idea if far from novel) man's life with the seasons. In myself I have found the comparison most appropriate. My infancy was like the spring-time of the year: life was gay and pleasant, but often clouded by little sorrows, which were scarcely sufficient to suppress the smile on my cheek; just as, in early May, we see the sun hidden for a few moments by a passing cloud, yet bursting from its short confinement, and shedding his golden rays even along with the tears of nature. My early manhood was a flowery time: pleasure spread alluring blossoms on every side; and I doubted not that their fruit would be bliss. Careless of every thing else, I roved amid her inviting bowers: the hours seemed to fly as light as the gossamer on the Zephyr's balmy wing; and all was summer with me. But, as the blossoms which nature puts forth, are sometimes

blighted by the chilly breath of the East, and the autumn comes unblessed with fruit; so were my dreams of future bliss destroyed; and the autumn of manhood came upon me with a dreary aspect. Friends had deserted and deceived me: property had fled my grasp, I scarcely knew how: even love itself, that promised the fairest, had left a bitter pang in my bosom. Few were the fruits that my autumn offered: but those few were the fruits of experience; and I gathered them with the greedy hand of a miser, to hoard up against the winter of life, which I knew was advancing upon me. That winter is arrived; and it has come upon me with fewer terrors than it would have done, had the earlier seasons of my life been more free from bitterness. My life now is like a cold and gloomy, but calm day in November: there is enough of winter in it to remind me of the brighter hours that are gone by, never to return: but it is still so calm, as to convey no terror to the mind. Here the comparison of man's life and the seasons of nature must end. Man has no returning spring *here:* in another world he may look forward to an eternal summer, unmixed with the clouds and storms that perpetually intervene to sully the brightest hours of mortality.

Who, that reflects at all, but must see the great use of trouble to man, while he lingers on earth? Were life free from it, were all our hours those of pleasure, age would come upon us without one particle of comfort: its commonest infirmities we should magnify into the greatest troubles; nor could the peaceful experience it brings with it, counteract this feeling; and we should go out of life murmuring and unhappy. But, as it is, the frowns of Fortune, the pains of sickness, the desertion of friends, and the loss of our dearest connexions, tend to wean us from those idler scenes of pleasure which only unman the mind, and to prepare us for that blessed region, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

So are the contrasts in nature's seasons wisely ordained, to relieve and support each other. Neither extreme heat, nor intense cold, could be perpetually borne: so neither perpetual rain, nor continued dry weather, would suit Nature's purposes: but, when all are varied and blended by an almighty hand, we see, in the result, the use of the whole; and, seeing, should admire. Ogilvie, speaking of heat, says—

"Lost were this fair harmonious round, that wakes
The soul to joy; lost were the vivid bloom
Of health, that mantles on the cheek of youth
In smiles: the herbage of the field would shrink
Livid and lank, should constant summer scorch
The thirsty plain. The fainting swain would drop
His lifeless limbs; the world of water stand
Stagnant and putrid; and the fell-eyed Plague
(Like that which stalks o'er Asia's sultry fields)
Would raise an arm of terror, waste the earth,
Tremendous in his course; and from the globe
Sweep half its people, as he roam'd along."

Be satisfied then, my soul, that all, which thou hast suffered, is but a slight trial in this scene of probation, to fit thee for thy eternal habitation, and that . . . .

J. M. Lacey.

Social Conversation.

Free conversation between persons of different ages, habits, professions, and sexes, is absolutely necessary for the human mind: otherwise it acquires a formal stiffness, or an overwhelming attachment to

some one foible or peculiarity, which renders it indifferent to every thing else. If any man confine himself entirely to the society of those whose pursuits are all similar to his own, he will be fit for no other company than theirs: or, if he go into any other, he will be considered as a disagreeable pedantic fellow, and treated with neglect accordingly. We should remember that we are a composition of different elements; and therefore, instead of confining our ideas and passions to a small corner, we should endeavour to expand and improve them, by acquiring every worthy accomplishment, by tempering each qualification with its opposite, and thus keep our minds in a pleasing balance.

The mind of man will almost imperceptibly become tinged with a peculiar turn of thought and manner, according to his business or pursuits; unless indeed the effect of those pursuits be counteracted by great strength of mind, or a very liberal education. It may be observed, in almost all mixed societies, how much of this peculiarity has introduced itself into the manners and conversation of the tradesman, the medical man, or the lawyer; for, notwithstanding that they may be well informed men, yet they seldom fail to acquaint the company, who probably were utterly ignorant of it before, what their respective professions are. The same may be said of many clergymen, who, from having little or no intercourse but with men of their own body, are apt to be gloomy and severe in their conversation, when thrown into the society of the laity only; though this is far from a general rule.

But it frequently appears, that those, of all others, who have the best opportunity of making themselves interesting and agreeable companions in society, by acquiring all that is to be acquired of either the useful or the elegant, do quite the reverse, and, by attaching themselves solely to some one bewitching amusement or passion, contrive to tinge every word, thought, and deed, with it. I mean the rich part of society—men and women who are understood to have *nothing to do.* These are the people who should give a proper tone to the manners and conversation of polished society: yet what triflers do they often appear! and, having *nothing to do,* positively do less, or (which is the same thing) worse, than nothing, by setting ill examples. Among females, those whose aim it is to shine in the zenith of fashion—whose every idea is turned on the foldings of a robe, the length of a waist, or the shape of a cap or hat—will be found to talk of little else in company, unless indeed it be of routs, assemblies, birth-days, and all the catalogue of fashionable movements. But it must be confessed, that, if such is the conversation of our fine ladies, our fine gentlemen, the beaus of the day, are infinitely below them; for their talk amounts to no more than that of their fair compeers; and, to say nothing of the difference of energy expected in a man's conversation, these Jessamies want all the grace that even trifling derives from a pretty face, an elegant manner, a winning voice, and all the thousand nameless charms which attend every act and motion of a beautiful woman.

Your complete quidnunc politician, who has imbibed a particular set of principles, bears them about with him every-where, to the utter annoyance of all good company. Nay, he will carry his intoxication of attachment so far, that he will set every one down as a fool, who will not condescend to be convinced and to think as

he does. To such a man it is vain to talk on any other topic: it will pass by him, like the idle wind.

There are some few in society, but I hope not many, who carry with them into every company the morose and misanthropic manners of the sectarian, who can allow to no other sect than his own any portion of merit. This is a gloomy picture indeed; and I will change it.—Others there are, who are so wedded either to coachmanship, or sporting, or both united, that, along with the dress, (which they have correctly assumed) they carry with them the very manners, of their own grooms.

To this practice of cultivating but one train of thought, and obstinately shutting out every other, are to be ascribed many of the absurdities I have pointed out: to this is to be attributed that trifling, which so frequently infects the superior circles, and renders their conversation insipidity itself: to this the mania of the politician is to be traced, as well as the gloom of the sectarian; and to this also it is owing that so many of our young men have become grooms, coachmen, and game-keepers.

All this would find its best remedy in social discourse; where every one should sensibly contribute all that he can to the general stock of information; where the learned should not be above giving their quota to the less informed part of the company; and (what is of more consequence than all the rest) where the uninformed should not proudly shut their ears and hearts against instruction, because it makes them look little, as they think, to seem to want it.

J. M. Lacey.

Distinction between Pride *and* Vanity.

(Continued from page 165.*)*

In the very lowest walks of life, we may observe similar examples of pride nourished to excess by vague notions of pretensions to superiority, of a nature incapable of being defined, but, like the former, imbibed in early life; and, like the former, as often as any circumstance, with which the idea of self is connected, happens to be approached, producing the malignant effects of hatred and revenge. When this vice is particularly prevalent in the lower orders, persons of superior stations are naturally the objects of jealousy and aversion. A submission to the laws of subordination is a voluntary limitation of the idea of self; and therefore subordination will, in such cases, be hateful. The proud man in humble life is clad in secret armour, and bears in his bosom a poignard ever ready to revenge the imaginary insults he receives from those who are clothed with authority. As often as the idea of self is forcibly repelled, the spirit of revenge takes possession of his soul; and, where no religious or moral principle counteracts its fury, fails not to exhibit itself in acts of vengeance, modified by the character and situation of the individual. But, whether offended pride avenges itself through the medium of sarcastic and abusive language, or by attempts at murdering the reputation of the offending party, or proceeds to the acmè of guilt by imbruing the hands in blood, the spirit that leads to those crimes of different dye, is still the same: it is, in every instance, cruel and vindictive. We might indeed expect, from the nature of pride, that it should be attended by cruelty: for, as the idea of self is, in the proud man, enlarged, not by a participation in the glory, or honors, or renown, or rank, or wealth, of those with whom that idea is connected, but by certain undefined notions of superiority, while he actually appropriates to himself all that confers distinction on his country,

his party, his family, or friends, he still considers their chief and only value to consist in being his. Far from considering himself as bound to them by equal ties, his pride rejects the notion of reciprocity: from those immediately connected with him he demands an absolute renouncement of the idea of self, a self-annihilation. They must identify their wills and inclinations with his, or they no longer help to swell the idea of self in his mind. The moment that they are suspected of harbouring a design to resist his authority, and to think or act in any instance from the dictates of their own reason or their own feelings, they become obnoxious to his resentment. In the expression of this resentment, he is not restrained, like other men, by the idea of equal rights and reciprocal duties: for pride acknowledges not the force of either; and, consequently, when led by resentment to acts of cruelty, is without compunction, and unsusceptible of remorse.

If this description be agreeable to truth—if the propensity to enlarge the idea of self, operating through the medium of pride, renders the character thus completely odious—whence comes it, that pride is often mentioned in terms that denote respect and approbation? As a national feeling, it is always thus mentioned, and gloried in, as denoting a high sense of national honor and national dignity: and, in consequence of this false association, pride is considered as an honorable and distinguishing feature in the characters of those who bear arms in the service of their country, and as essentially connected with heroism and valour.

Agreeably to this notion, a code of morality has been established, which is, in every particular, directly opposite to the laws of God, and repugnant to the dictates of reason. Framed for the purpose of sanctioning the unbounded gratification of pride, it attaches the pains and penalties of disgrace to the forgiveness of injuries, and proposes fame and glory as the rewards of resentment and revenge. Let him who doubts the truth of this representation turn to the journals of the day; and he will seldom fail to find in them the account of some duel, which, on investigating the circumstances that occasioned it, will afford ample testimony of the nature of the laws of honor, and prove them to be in reality the laws of pride. In almost every instance, he will find, that the offence, which, according to the code of honor, could only be expiated by the death of the offender, was merely an offence against pride—an attempt, or a supposed attempt, to derogate from that with which the idea of self was connected in the breast of him who has revenged the insult. It may be, he has spoken slightingly of his dog, or horse, or wife, or mistress—or differed from him in opinion—or called in question the wisdom of some transaction in which his party was concerned: it makes no difference: the offence is, in every case, exactly of the same complexion, and, in its essence, consists in having repelled that extension of the idea of self, which pride desires that all should deem sacred and unlimitable. Rather than submit to the mortification of restraining this notion of self, he stakes his life against the life of the aggressor—neither fearing man, who can destroy the body, nor "God, who has power to cast both soul and body into Hell."

In every state of society, pride may indeed be very properly represented as the *god of war.* In the infancy of nations, long before the mental powers have been sufficiently cultivated to systematise ambition, the propensity to enlarge the idea of

self, connected with pride, inspires in man the desire of bringing his fellow men into subjection. From all that is known of the history of savages, it appears, that the very first use, made of the glimmering light afforded by the dawn of intellect, is to attempt effecting, by combination, a more complete gratification of pride, than any individual could, by his single arm, procure.

From what yet remains of the poetry of the barbarians of ancient Europe, we learn, that the savage, on returning from his war of pride, raised the song of triumph, in which he recapitulated with exultation all the horrid deeds of cruelty perpetrated by his tribe in the pursuit of vengeance. He gloried in having devoured the flesh of his enemies, and in having converted their skulls into cups, from which he quaffed their blood. This was then the pride of war!

As civilisation advanced, war assumed a somewhat milder aspect: but still, through every period of the history of man, we may perceive, that, in proportion as pride operates in the contending parties, the miseries of war are augmented, and its crimes assume a deeper dye. As the pride of the governing party is always more offended by rebellion against its authority, than by the hostility of foreign states, civil wars are accompanied by more atrocious acts of undiscriminating cruelty, than wars with foreign nations. In foreign wars, the fortified places, which bid defiance to the invading army, offend its pride by resistance: and, how dearly they pay for that offence, the mournful detail of the savage, and *worse than savage*, cruelties, committed by Christian armies in places taken by assault, can, alas! too amply testify! The horrid outrages, committed by the brutal fury of the conquerors on the innocent and defenceless, give us a complete view of the nature of the *pride of war*—that pride, of which we are accustomed to speak, as constituting the soldier's glory!

The OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

(*Continued from page* 124.)

Modern MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine,

SIR,

I have heard it remarked, that, though marriage is an affair of equal importance to both sexes, it appears to occupy the attention of women more than of men, who, whatever they may think, do not at least speak of it so much.

For my own part, Mr. Editor, I must allow the observation to be just: for, though individually unconcerned, it is a topic I often reflect upon; and I have both inquired and considered much upon the woful falling off of an institution, designed "for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity."

In my days, matrimony was esteemed a settlement for life; and, though its progress might be marked by some few uneasinesses, yet there was a union of interests, a respect for custom, that kept people together, and made them anxious to pass quietly over any of the little troubles that originated from their association.

I now observe, with grief and astonishment, that marriage is dwindled into a state of temporary convenience, to be continued or dissolved at pleasure; and the taking of a wife seems a less momentous affair than the taking of a farm.

My attention is just now more particularly attracted to this subject by

the nuptials of two opulent young people in our neighbourhood, to which, as my brother had been a trustee for the gentleman's West India property, we were complimented with an invitation.

I found, that, of this, as of all other ceremonies of the present period, my ideas were entirely erroneous. I did not, it is true, expect the same degree of state and formality that were deemed indispensable in the "olden time;" but still I looked for something to mark such an occasion above one of the every-day transactions of life, and at least expected some appearance of preference and affection between the parties principally concerned.

On the contrary, however, nothing of attention marked the conduct of the gentleman; nor was any particular symptom of approbation evinced, when the lady spoke either of or to him.

We were with them for two days preceding their union. During this time he never escorted her in riding or walking; nor did she, by any reference to or inquiry concerning his schemes, appear to expect that attention.

The day preceding the marriage was fixed upon for executing the settlements: but, so far from any anxiety for concluding them on the gentleman's part, he requested that my brother would have the patience to hear them read over, as he was under the necessity of attending a great horse-fair, fifteen miles off. From this said fair, then, he did not return till past midnight, when his part of the business was performed in the most negligent manner that was possible.

In conformity with my other antiquated notions, I supposed that we should all be expected to attend at church, and had provided myself with an entirely new dress for the occasion, as I judged it improper to put on any thing I had worn before. The lady, however, gave me to understand, that my preparations were quite unnecessary; that her father and brother were enough to attend her, and the fewer people were to go, the sooner their business would be done.

At breakfast, accordingly, we met the new-married pair, with looks as serene, and manners as composed, as if nothing had occurred out of the common course. Both were in boots and travelling dresses: both made the keen frosty air of the morning an excuse for increased appetite. The lady was neither announced nor introduced as a bride; and, when I attempted to repeat my well-studied congratulations, I found them unattended to. — No favors, no white gloves, were worn; and, upon offering my services for the old-fashioned ludicrous ceremony of putting cake through the ring, I was told, with a smile, that there was not time.

In short, sir, after a hasty but hearty meal, this fashionable couple departed for his seat about five and forty miles off, which they were to reach against dinner, accompanied only by one of her brothers; neither her mother, sisters, nor any female friend, having been invited. There they are to remain till the close of the hunting-season, which seemed a period of serious anticipation to the bridegroom. Then they dash up to London; and, upon returning to the country, his old house is to be gutted, altered in every respect, and furnished anew. "We shall not have a room to sit or sleep in, to be sure," remarked the lady; "but, at Cheltenham, or Weymouth, or some of those places, accommodation is always to be had."

This representation, I allow, is lu-

dicrous: but, to me, Mr. Editor, I assure you, the reality is mournful. What can be augured from a commencement of such indifference, where there was even a disregard, not merely of ceremony, but of all solemnity? and where marriage is undertaken with such negligence, what can be expected, but uneasiness in its progress, and shame in its conclusion?

Disrespect of forms is generally succeeded by carelessness as to essentials: and the separation of interests, dissimilarity of pursuits, and only occasional association, causes those disgraceful endings in the marriage state, which are shocking to all, but particularly so to, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

An OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 168.)

BOOK 9.

THE shades of darkness now envelop the earth and the seas: all nature sleeps, and the sword at length lies unemployed. The queen of night slowly lights her silver lamp in the heavens; and her pale gleam enhances the horror of the spectacle presented by the field of combat, where the eye beholds nought but an immense Golgotha. There, the thickening gore streams in black torrents; and, in the midst of piled-up corses, and mangled bodies yet palpitating, fancy perceives stalking ghosts, and grim Death with savage joy reckoning over the numbers of his victims. There, enemies, retaining their animosity to the last sigh, labour to deprive each other of the short remains of lingering life, and fight even in the vestibule of the realms of death. In another direction, feeble lamentations are still heard: but, over the greatest portion of the extensive plain, reigns profound silence, except where interrupted by the sinister screams of ill-omened birds, and by distant and lugubrious howlings.

Amid this frightful solitude, two warriors, followed each by an escort, directed on every side their uncertain steps. They meet; they stop; they observe each other; when the one thus begins—"Warrior! I do not here seek to shed any more blood: I come, alas! to bury a beloved bride: but, after that last testimony of my affection, thou shalt find me ready to engage in fight."—"Dear Irthur!" replies the other warrior, "we are both animated by the same sentiment; and it is fraternal love that detains me in this spot. In me recognise Lewis: by William's order, I come here to rescue the corse of the valiant Adolphus from the vindictive insults of the barbarous foe."—At these words, Irthur and Lewis rush into each other's arms, and mingle their sorrows and their tears: but, soon checking these consolatory effusions of sensibility, they part, and pursue, each the road which his heart points out to him.

Lewis at length reaches the spot where lies the body of Adolphus, and sees it stretched beside that of Aremberg—as two friends, who, on their awaking, will have both their toils and their pleasures in common, enjoy together the sweets of peaceful sleep. He remains for a while fixed motionless in silent sorrow, then exclaims—"O thou, who, prodigal of thy blood, hast at once displayed patriotic and fraternal affection! we cannot yet erect over thy remains a monument worthy of thy virtue: but thy shade will be content with a simple sepulture bestowed by the hand of thy brother. After having paid to thee that last sad duty, my arm shall immolate to thee numerous vic-

tims; and the Spaniard will long have cause to mourn the honors paid to thy manès. Perhaps I may soon follow thee to the dark regions of death: dear Adolphus! receive, in this fraternal embrace, the last token of my affection, and of William's gratitude and regret. . . . . . . And thou, generous enemy! methinks I hear the voice of Adolphus, who orders me not to separate you: both crowned with equal glory, you shall both receive the same honors."

Pronouncing these words, he bends over the lifeless corse of his brother. Tender friendship! superior to the most energetic burin, thou engravest on his heart every feature of Adolphus, whose image he resolves to carry in his bosom to his latest breath. By his order, his attendants bury Adolphus and Aremberg, without separating them: himself, seising a spade abandoned on the spot by the terrified husbandman, throws over their bodies a slight covering of earth; then planting their swords at the head of their grave, "These," says he, "are the pillars which I erect to your glory!"

Before he departed from the melancholy scene, Lewis casts his eyes over the plain where the Batavians had fought. "Heroes!" says he, "generous victims of that courage which impelled you to take up arms in defence of the rights of man! pardon me, if my brother and his gallant adversary alone receive from me at this moment the honors of sepulture. In the name of the Batavian army and nation, I swear, that, if heaven declare in favor of the most equitable cause for which men ever ventured to tread the fields of war, your country, who has witnessed your glorious efforts and the triumphant death that has immortalised your fame, shall erect a monument which will proclaim your virtues, and teach posterity how great the debt of gratitude that is due to you from the whole human race. The honor of erecting that monument is perhaps not reserved for me—happy, if I can yet, by some successful achievements, render my name worthy to be joined with your names, my ashes to be mingled with yours!"

After these words, he directs his steps toward Irthur, whom he finds near the body of his slaughtered bride, forgetful that he came to bestow on her the honors of burial. "My friend!" says Lewis, "it is time to depart: the dawn will soon appear."—Irthur, as if awaking from the sleep of death, opes his languid eye; and the queen of night sheds her pale beam over the cold cheek of Idalyra.

"Tender bride!" he exclaims, "was it then to receive that fatal stroke in defending my life, that thou followed'st me far from thy humble cottage, the habitation of smiling peace? Alas! why did I not listen to the premonitions of my boding heart? Instead of lying stretched on this field of carnage, thou wouldst still breathe the sweet perfumes of flowers in our fortunate islands: thy hand, uniting both our names, would prepare those ties which death has this day cruelly torn asunder: thou wouldst twine triumphal garlands to adorn my temples on my return—to alleviate thy own fears, and those of the aged sire who at this moment perhaps sheds tears . . . . . Let his tears not be restrained . . . . Ye maids, who erst were Idalyra's companions, make her forsaken dwelling echo with your mournful lamentations! . . . . Idalyra! thy generous soul has then ceased to animate thy frame! even love itself is extinguished in thy heart! and yet death has not been able to despoil thee of thy charms! . . . . .

My friends! take pity on my grief: behold Idalyra! will you consign so fair an object, the image of so many virtues, a prey to devouring worms? I am determined that the assistance of art shall preserve her, such, alas! as I still behold her: I am determined to inclose her in a costly shrine, and never to part from her till I resign my breath."

By a signal, Lewis orders his escort to convey the remains of Idalyra to the ship. He is obeyed: Irthur accompanies the corse, his cheek bedewed with sorrow's flood, and his hand locked in the cold hand of her he loved. — Lewis appears in William's presence: they mingle their tears; and the name of Adolphus is again and again repeated in doleful accents by them and the Batavians.

In vain did Victory favor the Batavians in the fight: in vain did she render various successes doubtful between Alva and Nassau, for the sole purpose of crowning the Belgian hero with more durable laurels:—the Spaniards suffer their native pride to persuade them that they have triumphed over their opponents. Alva carefully fosters that error in the minds of his army, by the encomiums he lavishly bestows on the chiefs and the soldiers. But, long accustomed to unquestionable victories, secret rage belies within the recesses of his breast the pleasure and exultation, of which policy obliges his features to assume the appearance. He speeds to Haerlem, in hopes of there enjoying the vengeance for which his harrowed bosom pants.

" I had ordered thee," said he to Frederic, who was besieging the town, " to reduce Haerlem to dust: Haerlem still subsists!—Is it surrounded by impregnable ramparts? . . . . . What! in Haerlem, a crowd of women, conducted by the intrepid Hasselar, display greater courage than the Spanish cohorts! and the son of Alva is far from equalling the exploits of that female warrior!—Frederic! unless to-morrow's sun witness the destruction of this audacious city, I will call thy mother to overturn its feeble walls!"

"Father!" replies Frederic, stung with shame and wrath, " you grant but one day to the combatants of Haerlem: they shall not hear the bell proclaim the last hour of this night."—Scarcely has he pronounced these words, when he flies to the assault. Alva contemplates him, and hastes back to the walls of Leiden.

After the lapse of a few hours, every preparative being made, Alva is ready to assail the ramparts, when suddenly he hears the shrill clang of trumpets, and the loud tread of horses rapidly scouring the echoing plain. Soon he descries his son, attended by a troop, whose swords (dreadful to behold!) are stuck with ghastly heads, their hands smeared with gore, and their eyes gleaming with hellish fire.

" Haerlem," exclaims Frederic, " is reduced to ashes: will you now call my mother to overthrow its walls? From the fury of my attack, Haerlem, terrified to hear your voice, concluded that you were come in person to demolish its ramparts, after having stretched Nassau in the dust. Nevertheless the audacious citizens still dared to prolong their resistance: but, in spite of their obstinate valour, they saw that they must soon be compelled to lay down their arms, and, not yet renouncing their pride, declared that they would defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, unless they obtained an honorable capitulation. Impatient to execute your orders and my own promise, I had not a moment to lose: I accepted their proposals: the gates were thrown open: we entered: our

soldiers spread themselves through the city; and suddenly the flames burst out in every quarter, and a thousand swords were employed in inflicting death. Leiden will tremble, when she hears the fate of Haerlem; and perhaps your son has by this stroke cut off the principal heads of the hydra of rebellion."

He said; and the soldiers wave their swords loaded with those detestable spoils. But Vitelli, Avila, and all those warriors of the Spanish army who respect the sacred obligation of oaths and the rights of humanity, cannot dissemble their indignation. They fancy they hear those lifeless heads resume the power of speech, and reproach them with their black perfidy; and they give vent to the secret workings of their bosoms in a long and loud murmur. Alva casts on them a glance, and the murmur is instantly suppressed. "Thy rigor," says he to his son, "has exceeded the ordinary bounds of justice: but no oaths are obligatory toward revolted subjects. The Batavian will now bend his neck beneath the Spanish yoke, before new torrents of blood, added to those already shed, shall inundate Holland with a deluge more fatal than that which has swallowed up Zealand."—At these words, the most barbarous wretch in the whole Spanish host shuddered with horror.

Soon, by Frederic's order, those bloody spoils, the infamous trophies of his victory, are hurled within the walls of Leiden. Accompanying this ferocious deed with still more ferocious mockery, "Receive," said he, "this re-inforcement, which a generous enemy sends to you."—Leiden is seised with horror: each moment, these ghastly heads fall at the feet of the appalled citizens: less shocked were they in marking the rapid flight of the brazen globes, the winged harbingers of death. Each individual examines the features of these victims, dreading to recognise in them those of a relative or a friend—then raises his astonished eye to heaven—as the man in whose path the lightning strikes the ground, starts back in affright, and shuddering views the glowing cloud which impends o'er his head, and from which new lightnings will soon burst around him.

Werf and Douza are well acquainted with the Spanish barbarity; yet their countenances betray no emotion at this spectacle. But what tougue can describe the impression made on their souls by the sight of the whole assembled multitude of Leiden flocking in regularity and silence to the ramparts and the public square, while several of the citizens bend the knee to earth, and each takes up one of those heads, which he venerates as a sacred relic, respectfully carries it to an eminence adjoining the principal gate of the citadel, and there deposits it on the ground?. Soon the bloody heads are all collected in one spot; and the same hands which have conveyed them, pile up stones around, and, covering them with earth and turf, erect to the departed heroes a simple but affecting and honorable monument, on which, in conspicuous characters, are read these words—"To the eternal ignominy of Alva and of his son Frederic, Leiden besieged erects this tomb in honor of the defenders of Haerlem."

(*To be continued.*)

Notices of RUSSIAN MANNERS.

MR. Green, in his "Original Journal from London to Petersburg," speaking of the lower class of Russians, says—

Their ordinary fare is coarse black rye bread, and a kind of soup thick-

ened with oatmeal, and a mixture of sour crout; of cucumber pickled in salt without vinegar; fish, bullock's liver roasted, mushrooms, hard boiled peas, hard boiled eggs, sour milk; and, instead of spices, they season high with garlic, salt and pepper. In their Lent, they fare still worse, eating either salted herrings or dried fish, raw peas, raw beans, raw carrots, and turnips, the same; and therefore they are, in some measure, excusable for being so much addicted to drinking of *watki*, which is the Russian brandy. Their common drink is *quaz**, brown beer; and mead, a liquor made with honey, pepper, and water: in summer, they have a potation, which is not unpleasant; it is made with honey, water, and the juice of cranberries. This last they hawk about the streets in white glass decanters. On holidays, which in Russia are more frequent than in any other country, their constant amusement in their *cabais* (or public-houses), is singing national songs, in large companies, or dancing national dances. The time of their music is generally the same; but their voices are mostly good, and their notes soft and plaintive. In respect to their lodging, hardly any of them have any other bed but a truss of straw, and most of them, especially the men, nothing but the floor; no sheet, blanket, nor quilt; but they cover themselves with their sheepskin pelisse, then place their heads upon their wallets as a pillow, and perhaps sleep sounder than many who are stretched upon a bed of down. They are particularly fond of bathing, and especially on a Saturday evening, when you will see, at most of the baths appropriated to the lower class, an indistinct mass of old men, young men, young women, boys, and girls, all floundering naked in the baths, like frogs in a pit; and, as their ideas are no ways refined, they act thus without being conscious of giving any offence to modesty . . . .

* Otherwise written *quass*, and described in our Volume for last year, page 20. EDITOR.

Of the peasants he says—

If they possess talents only sufficient to qualify them for service as day laborers, the allowance they make their lords is seldom more than ten roubles per annum; but, if acquainted with any handicraft or other business that enables them to get employ in cities or great towns, they pay their owners from one hundred to one thousand roubles annually, according to their success in life; this licence being renewed every year. While they are, perhaps, improving in fortune and talents, the more their situation is meliorated, the less they think of returning to their village; and, consequently, the greater is the fine they pay to their lord. Many of the Russian noblemen's slaves, at Petersburg, are worth two or three hundred thousand roubles, and are looked upon as merchants of the first class.

Those who, from choice or necessity, remain at home, manage some little plat of ground, allotted them by their lord; upon which they keep some half-starved beasts, and raise some little hay and corn. They are obliged to dedicate three days' service in a week to their master; and he, on his part, both by law and interest, is bound to keep and nourish such of his peasants who fall sick, or are past labor, if they have not the means of doing for themselves. But this, indeed, is not very expensive, considering the coarse manner in which the lower orders live. It is impossible not to admire that talent of imitation which forms one of the most striking fea-

tures of the Russian character. The lowest boor, and those the most ignorant of any handicraft business, will quickly learn to execute any common mechanical work. The Russian peasant is, in his own dwelling, a carpenter, mason, shoemaker, tailor, smith, and potter. But, as he is by far the most expert at the hatchet, it serves him most frequently for hammer, saw, and plane; and, with this instrument only, he can build wooden houses, carriages, and, in fact, form most of the articles of necessity made of wood. The women can comb and spin the flax and hemp, and frequently weave the linen for the use of the family; they die the wool with the juice of different plants; they dress also the skins of several animals, to make their pelisses; in fact, every family can do most of its work, without being obliged to solicit the assistance of their neighbours.

On the Russian agriculture, the tourist remarks, that

The commonest kind of plough is the light fork or hook plough, used in most of the provinces of Great Russia, Siberia, Livonia, Courland, and in all the provinces bordering upon the Baltic. It is without wheels, has two short plough-shares, not unlike fork-prongs, which are fastened to two wooden socks, coming from the handles, and is drawn only by one horse, or two oxen. The whole is so light, that it can be held by a boy: and the horse, whose exertion is small, goes generally without reins: and thus the ploughman's hands are free. This plough bites no deeper than an inch and half, and sets the furrow, as it has no mould-bound, quite upright, so that, as the ploughman goes along, he is obliged to turn it down, as much as he can, with his feet. The harrow consists of nothing more than wooden pegs, driven into thin cross wooden bars, joined together with thongs of willow; but, in Livonia, they are fastened with joints. The use of the roller, although a very necessary instrument in the sandy soil of many provinces, is very little known, and seldom used. They mow, however, remarkably well and close, with a very short-bladed scythe, and make their hay as in England.

Their sickle is somewhat similar to the English one; and, though they reap but a small plat of ground in the day, they cut the corn very close, and scatter very little behind them. They bind it in sheaves, and then make small stacks in the fields where it grew; and, as they want it for threshing, bring it to the drying-house, which is built like a barn, having a few shutters upon the side, which, as well as the door, is hermetically closed, when the fire is lighted. On one side, or at the end, is a stone stove, the same as those in the houses, only of a coarser construction; this is heated; and, the sheaves having been previously hung up, on poles across, near the top, the flues running all round, what with the heat, and what with the smoke, they soon dry. The windows and doors are then opened; the sheaves are taken away, and the corn threshed out; which, being in a manner kiln-dried in the straw, will keep in a bulk without damaging; and one of these drying-houses will serve, in general, a whole village. Immediately as the snow is melted from the ground, the horned cattle must seek their own nourishment, very frequently upon very poor and distant pastures. When winter returns, and prevents them from grazing, they are foddered in the house, but so sparingly, that their bones seem ready to pierce through their skins; and they are

frequently reduced to such weakness, as not to be able to raise themselves without the aid of their keepers. Even the fattened beasts have little else but the grains from the brandy-stills, of which there is one upon each of the great estates in the country. The poor beasts have scarcely any thing besides the straw, which, having been kiln-dried, must consequently have lost all its moisture. Indeed, now and then, among the most expert herdsmen, the cows, when fresh calved, have some hay.

The author adds, that, in consequence of this injudicious management, many of the cattle, when turned out in the spring, are so miserably reduced, that the effect of the young grass speedily proves fatal to them.

A Swedish Dinner.

(From Dr. Thomson's "Travels in Sweden, in 1812.")

The Swedes are fond of great parties. I have more than once sat down to table with nearly fifty people in a private house. The hour of dinner is two o'clock. After the company are assembled, they are shown into a room adjoining the dining-room. In the middle of this room there is a round table covered with a table-cloth, upon which are placed bread, cheese, butter, and corn-brandy. Every person eats a morsel of bread and cheese and butter, and drinks a dram of brandy, by way of exciting the appetite for dinner. There are usually two kinds of bread; namely, wheat-bread baked into a kind of small rolls (for I never saw any loaves in Sweden), and rye, which is usually baked in thin cakes, and is known in Sweden by the name of *nickebroed.* It is very palatable, but requires good teeth to chew it.

After this whet, the company are shown into the dining-room, and take their seats round the table. The first dish brought in is salmagundy, salt fish, a mixture of salmon and rice, sausages, or some such strong-seasoned article, to give an additional whet to the appetite. It is handed round the table; and every person helps himself, in succession, to as much of it as he chooses. The next dish is commonly roasted or stewed mutton, with bacon-ham. These articles are carved by some individual at table, most commonly the master of the house; and the carved pieces, being heaped upon a plate, are carried round the company like the first dish. The Swedes, like the French, eat of every thing that is presented at table. The third dish is usually soup, then fowls, then fish (generally salmon, pike, or streamlings), then pudding, then the dessert, which consists of a great profusion of sweet-meats, in the preparation of which the inhabitants of Gottenburg excel. Each of these dishes is handed about in succession. The vegetables, consisting of potatoes, carrots, turnips, cauliflowers, greens, &c. are handed about in the same way. During the whole time of dinner, a great deal of wine is drunk by the company.

The dinner usually lasts about two hours. On a signal given, the company all rise together, bow with much solemnity towards the table, or rather towards each other, and then adjourn into the drawing-room. Here a cup of coffee is served up immediately to every individual. It is but doing the Swedes justice, to say that their coffee is excellent, greatly preferable to what is usually drunk in England. This is the more remarkable, because the Swedes import all their coffee from Britain: its quality, therefore, is not different from that of our own, and its supe-

riority owing solely to their understanding better how to make it. You can get coffee in the meanest peasant's house; and it is always excellent. It is usually about five o'clock when coffee is over. The company separate at this time, either going home to their own houses, or sauntering about in the fields, if the weather be good.

Remarkable Case of REVIVISCENCE.

MR. Gamble, in his "View of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland," records the following curious anecdote, on the authority of Mr. S***, a Presbyterian clergyman, in that part of the island.

Mr. S***, it seems, having discovered that his servant Dennis had formed a design of robbing him, dismissed him with mild reproof and serious admonition, which, however, was disregarded by the servant, who afterward joined a troop of banditti. Mr. S***, on a journey, subsequently fell into the hands of those freebooters, who would have murdered him, but for the friendly interposition of the grateful Dennis, by whom he was recognised. A short time after this, Dennis and one of his associates were hanged for a robbery.

After relating the particulars at length, and informing his readers that Mr. S*** was a witness of the execution, Mr. Gamble thus proceeds—

It was the latter end of summer. About dawning day ("grey morning," as he beautifully and poetically termed it), he was awakened by a noise in the room: he drew the curtains: a figure, like one of the hanged men in his shroud and dead cap, stood pale and sad at the window*. He rubbed his eyes: he strove to wake himself; he turned himself in the bed; he stretched himself forward, and endeavoured to penetrate the gloom: the figure of sleep did not, as he imagined it would, melt into thin air; it moved its eyes even; it opened and shut its mouth, it seemed preparing itself to speak. Nature was now too strong either for reason or philosophy: a cold damp bedewed his forehead; and he lay speechless, and nearly senseless. The phantom approached the bed, and fell on its knees before him. "Master," said it, "remember I have saved your life: now save mine."

It was Dennis, the poor hanged Dennis:—his fears had saved him. He had to be supported on the car, as it was drawn slowly away; and he swung gently off; his fellow-sufferer threw himself off with violence, and was almost instantly dead. Dennis was likewise a tall man: the gallows was low; and his feet at times touched the ground. After hanging the limited time, he was cut down, and given to his friends; he was carried to the nearest cabin; and, as is almost always done in Ireland, all the vulgar methods in use were practised to recover him; his feet were put into warm water; he was blooded by a countryman with a rusty lancet, and rubbed with spirits, which were likewise applied to his nostrils and lips, and poured down his throat. He opened at length his eyes; and milk was given him from a woman's breast, which, in Ireland, is supposed to be a medicine of great efficacy.

When night came on, he resolved to go to his master's house, which,

* It is (as observed by Mr. Gamble) the universal custom with the unfortunate persons who are to be executed in Ireland, to put on their dead-dress. This consists of a shroud and cap with a black ribbon, and gives a person, clothed in it, the look of a spectre, as imagination forms it, or of a corpse newly raised from the tomb.

across the fields, was not more than four miles off. He was advised to lay aside his dead-dress, now that he had so unexpectedly returned among the living; but it was too valuable a piece of finery, to be parted with so readily. He met nobody on the road; but, if he had, his dress would have been his protection; for every one would have run from him, as from a ghost. He might have gone in any dress, however, in security; few people in any country would be willing to lead to the gallows a man just escaped from it; few people in Ireland would refuse to run some risk to save him from it. He knew well the room where his master slept, opened the window, and stepped into it, from the garden. Mr. S*** kept him for some time in his house, and then got him put on board a vessel bound to America, where he arrived in safety. He is at present a porter at Baltimore, is married, and the father of several children.

Spanish Court Anecdote.

Of Cardinal Alberoni — whose character and downfall were described in our last Number, from Mr. Coxe's "Memoirs of the Kings of Spain" —the same author relates the following most uncourtly anecdote, extracted from the "*Mémoires de St. Simon.*" —Speaking of the king (Philip V.) who, at the period of the transaction, was confined by a very serious and alarming disorder, under which he had for some time labored, Mr. Coxe says—

During this illness, no person was admitted into the royal apartment, except those whom the Queen and Alberoni chose to permit. As the medical department is under the controul of the Lord Chamberlain, the consultations of the physicians ought to be held, and the medicines administered, in his presence. The Duke of Escalona, then holding the important office, was a grandee respectable for his rank, age, talents, and virtues, who, as viceroy of Naples, and on many other occasions, had displayed his zealous attachment to the sovereign; but he was still more remarkable for his austere manners, and punctilious character. As he evinced his intention to fulfill the duties of his charge, it was intimated to him by order of Alberoni, that he would do better not to intrude on the king's privacy; and content himself with proper inquiries at the door of the apartment.

This intimation being only received with contempt and indignation, Alberoni, by the order of the queen, gave orders that the intrusive grandee should not be admitted. One afternoon, however, the duke presented himself. Having in vain demanded an entrance, he burst open the door in the face of the page in waiting, and, after upbraiding him with his insolence, advanced into the royal bed-chamber. He observed the queen sitting at the head of the bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn, the cardinal standing by, and the attendants at a respectful distance. The duke, who, besides his advanced age, was crippled with the gout, slowly traversed the apartment, by the help of his cane. Being observed by the queen, she beckoned the cardinal, who sent one of the attendants, ordering him to retire. As the duke still continued to advance, the cardinal himself approached, and told him, the king wished to be alone. "That is not true," exclaimed the indignant grandee. "I am not blind. You did not approach the head of the bed; nor did his majesty speak to you."

Alberoni, continuing to urge him to retire, gently pressed him by the arm. This insult roused the choler

of the lord chamberlain, who burst into reproaches against the insolence of the cardinal for preventing him from approaching the royal person, and performing the duties of his office. A struggle ensued: the duke, who was the weakest, sunk into a chair; but, grappling with his antagonist, in a paroxysm of rage, struck him on the head and shoulders with his cane, calling him a little contemptible varlet, who deserved nothing but a drubbing, with various epithets, which the irritation of the moment suggested; and declaring, that, if not restrained by the respect due to the royal presence, he would kick him out of the room. The cardinal with difficulty disengaged himself; but the duke, when unable to reach him, still continued to abuse, and threaten him by his gestures, while the queen and attendants witnessed the singular scene in silent astonishment.

Soon after his return home, the duke received an order of banishment from Madrid; and, the moment his disgrace was known, his house was filled with a crowd of all ranks, who hastened to testify their respect and regard. No other notice, however, was taken of this singular scene. As the cardinal was apprehensive of increasing the general odium by a more vigorous act of authority, the duke was recalled in a few months; but he indignantly rejected all overtures for a reconciliation, and never again spoke to the minister, while in Spain. To add to the singularity of this adventure, the King of Spain knew nothing of the squabble, nor the banishment and recall of the duke, till after the disgrace of Alberoni *.

* Mons. de St. Simon, on whose authority this curious *fracas* is recorded, informs his readers that he received the account from the Duke of Escalona himself.

Anecdotes of PETER *the* GREAT.

(*Continued from page* 185.)

AFTER a long deliberation with his senate on the best means to be adopted for digging the canal of Ladoga, Peter resolved to employ for that purpose the peasants of Petersburg and Novogorod, and caused an order to be drawn up to that effect. Dolgorucki *, who was not present at the time when this law was passed, came a few days after to the senate, from which Peter happened then to be absent, and, being informed of what had been done, took the order in his hand, and, after reading it with great indignation, tore it to pieces, and trampled it under his feet. The astonished senators crowded immediately round him, saying, "What have you done, Dolgorucki? you are ruined! What will the Czar say, when he finds you have destroyed the law, which he had himself drawn up, and of which he is the more tenacious, as he considers it to be the only mean of effecting the project which he has so much at heart?"—"Well," answered Dolgorucki, "I will expose myself to his anger: I will expose myself to every thing, rather than suffer a decree to be carried into execution, which is so contrary to the welfare of the empire, and the true interests of the prince." Peter, who was quickly informed of this action of Dolgorucki, soon arrived in great fury, and was beginning to threaten him, when that senator, with the utmost *sang froid*, said to him, "Sire, it was my duty to oppose a law which you have not sufficiently considered, and the consequences of which would be the total ruin of two fine provinces, already half ruined and desolated, and incapable of furnishing you with peasants equal to the per-

* The same patriotic and intrepid senator, noticed in the preceding anecdote in our last Number.

formance of the task you would impose upon them. Why, Sire, do you not use for that purpose the Swedish prisoners of war, of whom you have so great a number, and whom you cannot employ for any better purpose?"—The anger of the Czar was calmed, and, making no reply to the able and intrepid senator, he availed himself of his advice; and, leaving the law unexecuted, employed the Swedish prisoners to dig the canal. The greater part of them perished in the work; and thus were preserved the lives of many useful subjects.

Dolgorucki was a man of talents and integrity, but of brutal manners, passionate, unsociable, and gloomy; one of those, in short, who cannot be seen and known, without being at once hated and esteemed. He had rendered himself an object of personal dislike to Peter; but that monarch, in consideration of his great qualities, overlooked his defects, and could never be persuaded to dismiss him from his favor. When the affair of the canal of Ladoga was in agitation, Dolgorucki said to the Czar, "What have the peasants of Petersburg and Novogorod done, that you should treat them thus?" With this rough frankness he always spoke to his sovereign; but the latter, with true greatness of mind, disregarded the suggestions of self-love, while listening to the wise counsels of that able man.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes of GARRICK.

(*From Mr. Northcote's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

DR. Mudge, when in Garrick's company at Mount Edgecumbe, heard him say that his regard for his mother's peace and happiness prevented him from appearing on the stage till after her death, and that he imagined this circumstance greatly contributed to the vast success he had met with; for, being then turned of thirty, his judgement was more mature, and occasioned his avoiding many errors, which he might have run into, had he begun earlier in life.

I also remember (adds Mr. Northcote) to have heard old Dr. Chauncey say, at Sir Joshua's table, that he saw Garrick at his first appearance on the stage in Goodman's Fields; at which time he was infinitely more excellent, more purely natural, than afterwards, when he had acquired many stage tricks and bad habits.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had it long in contemplation to paint a picture, of an extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groups of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which, he had gained such fame on the stage.—This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, "That will be the very thing I desire; the only way, by ***, that I can be handed down to posterity!"

Frugal DINNERS.

MR. John Horne Tooke, while studying the law at the Inns of Court, had, for fellow students and familiar associates, Messrs. Dunning and Kenyon, the former of whom afterward became his defender in a court of justice, while the latter sat on the bench as his judge. Respecting the trio, Mr. Stephens says, in his "Memoirs" of Mr. Tooke—

I have been repeatedly assured, by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house, in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, for the sum of seven pence halfpenny each. "As to Dunning and myself," added he, "we were generous; for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise!"

POETRY.

Sonnet to MAY.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, sweet enchanting May!
Fain would my muse thy flow'ry foot steps hail,
And paint those sweets, which, as I pensive stray,
Lend their rich odors to the genial gale.
Nature revives beneath thy gentle reign;
And Love, and Hope, attune the soul to joy.
May no rude guest, from winter's bois-t'rous train,
Return uncall'd, thy beauties to destroy:
For I could weep, to see thy flow'rets die,
And thy fair blossoms strew the ground too soon;
And grieve e'en now, that thou so swift must fly;
And yield thy sweetness to maturer June;
For, ah! her brightest hours can scarce repay
The softer lustre of thy vernal day.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Sonnet to the EAST WIND.

RUDE wind, forbear! for, ah! thy blighting pow'r
Untimely checks the thousand sweets of spring,
Which, call'd to life by April's gilded show'r,
Might, but for thee, on Zephyr's softer wing
Their fragrance waft, and deck with brighter hues
May's ever varying, ever lovely vest.
Is't not enough, when rigid winter strews
His snows around, and chills the care-worn breast,
Of Poverty—is't not enough, that then
We own thy pow'r? but must thou linger still,
Breathing on Flora's train, severe as when
Thy monarch reign'd supreme? and wilt thou kill
(For kill thou canst) the half-expanded flow'rs,
And steal from fleeting spring its sweetest, loveliest hours?

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Stanzas,
addressed to my Friend and Relative, Mr. THOMAS MURRAY, *and inscribed on the back of a colored* DRAWING, *presented by him to me.*

I THANK, my friend, thy pencil and thy heart!
The scene they've trac'd, suits well a poet's soul:
Its brilliant glow, and soft repose, impart
A pensive charm, a charm of sweet controul.

For, oh! when ev'ning's tranquillising hour
Sheds, o'er a scene like this, its peaceful calm,
How sweet it is to own the soothing pow'r,
And catch the cooling Zephyr's cheering balm!

How oft have we together trac'd a scene
Like this in beauty, and like this in peace;
And found the pow'r of language far too mean,
To tell what feelings gave our joys increase.

At such an hour, we see the sun decline,
And seek the west, his race of glory o'er;
We see the wood, hill, vale, and stream combine,
Deck'd by his beams, to make our pleasures more.

We hear the blackbird hymn his vesper theme,
The lark's last anthem, as he leaves the skies,
The shrill-ton'd swallow, as he skims the stream,
The goldfinch sweet, with plume of various dyes.

There's not a noise but has its beauties now:
The ling'ring flail, the mill's revolving wheel,
The sheep-dog's bark, the oxen's distant low,
The milk-maid's song—all bid our bosoms feel.

To name that feeling, to portray its pow'r,
Is more than language can: the gladden'd eye,
And ravish'd ear, enjoy the halcyon hour,
While words are lost in one all-speaking sigh.

But, when the busy town forbids to stray,
Or sickness binds us to the house of care,

Fancy will seek this pictur'd scene so gay,
  And bid reality herself be there.

The village church, the rustics at its gate,
  The graceful tree that shades the pool below,
The cottages embow'r'd, unknown to state,
  The distant hills adorn'd with ev'ning's glow—

All these, as Fancy spreads her pow'rful sway,
  Will give the throbbing breast a gleam of peace,
Will dress the face with smiles, bid man be gay,
  And sooth regret's deep sigh with soft release.

For even now I feel her influence kind;
  And sweet, though sad is ev'ry thrilling thought.
She pictures distant days upon the mind:
  With seeming prescience each idea's fraught:

For thus she whispers—" When the hand of Death
  Shall snatch the pencil from thy friend away;
When thou hast yielded up thy borrow'd breath,
  And both have sought eternity's bright day;

Then, haply, may some kindred eye bestow
  On this depicted scene a tear of praise;
May mourn the hand that gave the mimic glow,
  And bless the humble poet for his lays.

J. M. Lacey.

Invocations, *serious and comic.*
By Mr. J. M'Lacey.

The desponding Lover's *Invocation to* Solitude.

Daughter of silence! thee I seek:
  The world has lost its charm:
Mine eye is dull, and pale my cheek;
  My bosom all alarm.

Then, Solitude! receive my form,
  And sooth my sadden'd mind.
Oh! save me from the fearful storm,
  That grief, like mine, must find.

The world once seem'd a world of bloom:
  Each path look'd gay with flow'rs:
I found it love's and friendship's tomb,
  And lost my mind's best pow'rs.

Yet, oh! the mem'ry of my love
  Lives in this bosom's core:
That pang, all other pangs above,
  Is mine, till life is o'er.

She had an eye of heav'n's own blue,
  A cheek of purest rose,
A lip where liv'd the ruby's hue,
  A breast of sweet repose;

A form as faultless as we deem
  The forms of angel birth:
It seem'd, like some fond poet's dream,
  Too fair a thing for earth.

I lov'd her—words can't say, how well!
  'Twas all that love should be:
And her delight was still to tell
  How dearly she lov'd me.

Alas! while dreaming thus of joy,
  Disease destroy'd her bloom:
Death dar'd our ev'ry hope destroy,
  And gave her to the tomb.

Then, Solitude! receive my vow:
  I'm thine, while life shall last.
Oh! lull the pangs that pain my brow,
  Till that sad life be past.

With thee, I still may find a calm,
  Though not a sure repose;
For nought on earth can give a balm,
  To heal this bosom's woes.

Mine eye must take a heav'nward view;
  My soul must learn to rise,
And look for peace, divine and true,
  Beyond the azure skies.

There shall I meet the sainted maid,
  Whose love on earth was mine;
Together there our vows be paid,
  At heav'n's eternal shrine!

The Explanation.

Oh! say not that my love's untrue,
That I despise both love and you,
  Because a frown I've worn.
Believe me, dear one! frowns may rise,
And dim a lover's ardent eyes,
  Yet not of hate be born.

The world may cloud the brow with care,
Though fond affection lingers there
  With all its hopes and fears.
A friend—a false one—injur'd me:
His was the frown that seem'd for thee,
  That caus'd thy tender tears.

But, oh! believe me, when I swear,
No pow'r on earth shall ever dare
  To turn this heart from thine.
There shall its ev'ry passion rest:
There shall it come, a welcome guest,
  And own its proper shrine.

J. M. Lacey.

The PRISON.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
(*Continued from page* 193.)

BEHOLD yon reeling drunkard stag-
g'ring by!
His fate demands no pity-wafted sigh.
Comfort and independence smil'd in vain:
Wine he best lov'd; and wine is man's
worst bane.
A virtuous wife, with beauty's softest
smile,
Had often strove his errors to beguile,
But ever strove in vain: for still, at night,
He found in tavern-joys his sole delight.
There, with mad mirth, convulsive laughter
reign'd:
Joy's gentle smile, as childish, was dis-
dain'd.
But mark the change, when reeling home
he hied,
With bloated face, and eyes distended
wide,
Then his hot blood inspir'd his breast
with strife,
His victim still an unoffending wife.
Returning day produc'd no happier hours;
For constant drinking sapp'd his mind's
best pow'rs.
Thus the detested wretch his course pur-
sued,
Till beauty droop'd beneath a lot so rude.
His wife, in weeping anguish, met her
doom,
And sought the shelter of the silent tomb.
Her death depriv'd him of the last weak tie,
That kept economy and comfort nigh.
Now wild excess shar'd all his murder'd
time:
Intemp'rance wasted nature's rosy prime;
And dissipation soon bade want appear—
Want, that with speed seduc'd his foot-
steps here.
But poverty no change in him can cause:
He laughs at reason, and at reason's laws;
And, when the poison'd draught he now
can gain,
He binds his faculties with riot's chain,
Scoffs at all decency with impious voice,
And bids the sons of infamy rejoice.
(*To be continued.*)

The TEARS *of* ELLEN.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
TEAR IX.

E'EN sleep has fled these tear-swoln
eyes,
Or comes but to deceive,
To give more sorrow to my sighs,
When fiction's land I leave:

For sleep, with dreams of fancied bliss,
Bids joy succeed to fear;
Gives truth to Edward's melting kiss;
And dries the falling tear.

But soon I start with fever'd lip,
And find the dream untrue:
No kiss of truth 'tis mine to sip;
My tears their course renew!

Life is a dark, a dreary day,
When love has left the soul;
Hope will not yield one little ray,
Nor bless with sweet controul.

WOMAN.

WOMAN! dear woman! in whose name,
Wife, sister, mother, meet—
Thine is the heart, by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat.
In thee the angel virtues shine;
An angel form to thee is giv'n;
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heav'n.

From thee we draw our infant strength;
Thou art our childhood's friend;
And, when the man unfolds at length,
On thee his hopes depend.
For, round the heart, thy pow'r has spun
A thousand dear mysterious ties:
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.

The Genius of NORWAY, *to* BRITANNIA.

LOV'ST thou thy freedom?—By her holy
shrine,
If yet one drop of British blood be thine,
O Britain! I conjure thee, spare the
brave;
Nor join the crew that would my realms
enslave.
Blast not the laurel which thy fathers
wore,
By foul invasion of my Norway's shore,
Whose hardy sons, like those on Runny-
mede,
For freedom pant, and dare, like them, to
bleed.
Oh! let not Hist'ry stain her honest page,
Bright with the triumphs of the present
age,
With the sad tale, that Britain drew her
sword,
To bend Norwegians to a foreign lord;
That she, who fought, all Europe's realms
to free,
Uplifts her arm to murder Liberty;
And aims her steel to stab her in the cell,
Where still she deigns amid wild woods
to dwell,
Beneath the snow-clad pines and moun-
tain's shade,
For Nature's free-born sons by Nature
made.

Blush, Britain, at the deed—with conscious pride
Call back to mem'ry how thy Sydney died;
And, emulous of all the noble fires
That warm'd with holy zeal thy patriot sires,
Stand forth the champion of my sons' great cause,
While Heav'n and Earth unite in loud applause.
To save—not vanquish—speed across the waves,
And chant, with them, "*We never will be slaves.*"

To a blighted ROSE-BUD.
By the late Miss CAROLINE SYMMONS, *in her eleventh Year.*

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,
And nature hail'd thee infant queen of May;
Scarce saw thy op'ning bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air its tender fragrance threw,
When the North-wind enamour'd of thee grew,
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue;
No more the queen of flow'rs, no longer gay.
So blooms a maid, her guardians' wealth and joy,
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest:
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.
She fades; the parent, sister, friend, deplore
The charms and budding virtues, now no more!

The EVILS *of* MORTALITY.
(*From "Collections from the Greek Anthology."*)

WE, too—as leaves, that, in the vernal hours,
Greet the new sun, refresh'd by fruitful show'rs—
Rejoice, exulting in our vig'rous prime;
Nor good nor evil marks the noiseless time.
But round our birth the gloomy Fates preside,
And smile malignant at our fleeting pride;
One with cold age prepar'd to blast our bloom,
One arm'd with death to hide it in the tomb.
Our better moments smile, and pass away,
E'en as the sun, that shines and sets to-day.
When youth is flown, death only can assuage,
And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
All mourn adversity: one nobly bred,
Toils, a poor slave to him his bounty fed:
One solitary seeks the tomb's embrace,
With no transmitter of his name and race;
While, sick and faint, or rack'd by ceaseless fears,
Another journeys down the vale of years.

REPROOF *of* DISCONTENT.
(*From the same Work.*)

HADST only thou, of all mankind, been born
To walk in paths untroubled by a thorn,
From the first hour that gave thee vital air,
Consign'd to pleasure, and exempt from care,
Heedless, to while away the day and night
In one unbroken banquet of delight,
Pamper each ruling sense, secure from ill,
And own no law superior to thy will;
If partial Heav'n had even sworn to give
This happy right as thy prerogative;
Then blame the Gods, and call thy life the worst,
Thyself of all mankind the most accurst.
But, if with us the common air you draw,
Subject alike to Nature's gen'ral law,
And on thy head an equal portion fall
Of life's afflicting weight impos'd on all,
Take courage from necessity, and try
Boldly to meet the foe thou can'st not fly.
Thou art a man, like others, doom'd to feel
The quick descent of Fortune's giddy wheel.
Weak human race! we strive to soar from sight,
With wings unfitted for the daring flight;
Restless each fleeting object to obtain,
We lose in minutes what in years we gain.
But why should'st thou, my honor'd friend, repine?
No grief peculiar or unknown is thine.
Though fortune smile no more as once she smil'd,
Nor pour her gifts on thee her fav'rite child,
Patient and firm the present ill redress;
Nor, by despairing, make thy little less.

This is not LOVE.
(*From "A few Verses, English and Latin."*)

YOU ask me why unseen I stray,
And waste the solitary day;

Why far my wand'ring path extends,
From mirth, and books, and home, and friends?
You tell me love alone can bind
Such fetters round the yielding mind:
Ah! no; this heart doth know
No joys like love.

Far from the vulgar ken I fly,
To muse on her averted eye;
I turn from friends, to think how she
Has turn'd her alter'd cheek from me;
Mirth, books, and home—ah! how can these
The bosom's secret pang appease!
Go, go; I do not show
One sign of love.

It is not love to chill and glow
Like wintry suns on beds of snow;
To chase the stifled sigh with fear;
To dry, before it fall, the tear;
And, last sad victory of pride,
In smiles this inward strife to hide.
Ah! no; this cannot flow
From any love.

'Tis love to loosen rapture's rein,
And dream of all that might have been;
Give Fancy's eye unbounded scope,
Outstrip the fleetest wings of hope;
Still fail, and still the course pursue,
And deem each wish of passion true.
If so, this heart would know
A genuine love.

Mine is not love; this breast has bled,
Till ev'ry finer sense is dead:
Mine is the craving bosom's void,
The joyless heart, and unenjoy'd,
Engross'd by selfishness alone,
As weeds o'ershade the desert stone.
Ah! no; full well I know
I cannot love.

The disappointed AUTHOR.
By Mr. JAMES FITZGERALD.

THUS Fustian once, with rueful face,
Describ'd to Harebrain his hard case—
"I've hawk'd my books through half the town:
But booksellers still on them frown."—
Quoth Harebrain, "What an ass thou art!
I see thou hast mista'en the mart:
No bookseller will buy thy books:
Thou should'st have tried the pastry-cooks."

BONAPARTÉ—*alias Bony-part.*

'TIS said, Napoleon has got thin,
Reflecting on his life of sin;
But, though he's *Bony*, be it known,
He's food for all the wits in town.

FASHIONS
FOR
JUNE.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A high dress of plain French muslin, of a short walking length, with frill collar of lace, trimmed at the feet with lace in the form of small roses:—long sleeves, made rather full, with trimming of lace at the wrists.—A light pink handkerchief tied loosely in front with satin ribbon, over which the mantle *à l'Angoulême*, of light green satin, trimmed with broad lace; made narrow, with a *fleur-de-lis* at each end, worked on the satin.—The Blucher hat, turned up in front; the crown made like the Regent cap; composed of green and white satin, ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers.—The hair in full curls over the face, to fall low behind.—Necklace of gold chain.—Ear-rings of pearl.—Gloves of lemon-colored kid.—Shoes to correspond with the dress.—Parasol of green silk.

Evening Dress.—A white satin robe, over which a robe train of fine white muslin, figured with *fleurs-de-lis* at about six inches apart; trimmed at the bottom of the dress with broad lace:—long full sleeves; the wrists ornamented, to correspond:—the bodice of white satin, made low: the back plain; trimmed round the bosom with embroidery of worked *fleurs-de-lis;* the shoulder-strap plaited with lace, and made narrow;—bracer of white satin, to clasp in front with a pearl clasp.—*Head-dress*—the hair *à la Grecque*, in full curls over the face and sides, to fall in loose curls on the back of the neck; the hair separated in front of the forehead with a pearl or diamond ornament of the *fleur-de-lis.*—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Bracelets *en suite.*—An occasional silk shawl, embroidered at the ends.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of carved ivory, or silvered crape.

General Observations.—Morning walking-dresses are robes of a short walking length, of white muslin, with long sleeves made full; embroidered round the feet with lace; high collars, with a frill of lace.—The scarf mantle or spencer is the general appendage to this order of *costume*, of sea-green or lilac-colored silk.—Pelisses are not generally worn for walking-dresses, being more confined to the carriage *costume.*—Bonnets and hats are

of a variety of forms, as fancy directs. The most novel is the Blucher hat, as already described.—The cottage bonnet continues in general request, trimmed with clusters of flowers, as the lily and white rose.—Hats are generally ornamented with feathers; the materials of hats and bonnets to correspond with the dress.—The hair is much fuller on the face, and very low behind, in small ringlets; a lily or small wreath of flowers on one side.—Shoes of black kid.—Gloves of French kid.—Parasol of sea-green, or color to correspond with the dress.

Opera Dress.—A white sarsnet robe, over which a full train of gauze muslin figured with *fleurs-de-lis;* made with full loose long sleeves; the bosom more round at the shoulders; the back low and close; the shoulder-strap narrow. The bodice is generally of white satin; the flounce let in between a narrow trimming of needle work; the bosom embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis.*—Dresses of spotted white muslin are in general request for evening dresses.—Bracers, to clasp with diamond or pearl, are generally worn.—Tippets of lace, in full plaits or scallops, are a general appendage.—India silk shawls, with broad embroidered ends, are much worn in this order of *costumé.*—The hair loosely turned up behind, and to fall low on the back of the neck in full curls; on the sides and face in full large curls:—a small diamond ornament to part the hair on the forehead.—Necklace of diamonds.—Ear-rings of pearl studded with diamonds.—Bracelets to correspond.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of carved ivory, or silver frosted crape.

Parisian FASHIONS.

Extract of a Letter from an English Lady in Paris, to her Friend in London.

IT is the fashion here to wear every thing *à la Chinoise;* the hair is dressed *à la Chinoise;* the gowns are made *à la Chinoise;* and, in truth, they greatly resemble those we see worn by the figures on China cups and saucers. The backs of these morning-gowns are extremely full and wide, and the waists as short as they can possibly be made; which is shorter, I think, than ever they were made in England; the sleeves very full, and confined at the wrist with a band and button.

The ladies here cover themselves much more than in England: their gowns are much fuller; and they are never seen in the open air without being wrapped in a large shawl, let the weather be never so warm. Some years ago, they wore such thin clothing, that many Parisian *élégantes* lost their lives in consequence. They have now, it seems, run into the other extreme; for the youngest are now as warmly clothed, when they are not in full dress, as their grandmothers. These shawls, which are so universal, are India, and an imitation (of their own manufacture), which is certainly the best I have seen—I think better than ours, as they are of worsted, and the colors and workmanship extremely good. They are square, with a deep border on one side, and a very narrow one round the other three: they are worn folded across, like a half square, with the broad border on one side, and the narrow on the other: they are on this account called *schâl boiteux.* The price of these shawls is from one hundred francs*, upwards. Black veils, which are so much worn in England, are not seen here: white net veils are pretty general; they are tied round the bonnet, as formerly. The most prevalent ornaments in jewellery are cut coral necklaces and crosses: I greatly prefer the plain, as I think the cutting gives them the appearance of glass beads.—Small watches are universally worn round the neck, suspended by a Maltese chain. Some are gold; but the greater part are enamel, ornamented with pearls: the price of these is from five to seven or eight Louis. Luxury is at such a pitch here, that even chambermaids have their jewellery, and wear rings and watches, like their mistresses. A profusion of needlework is worn at present, and but little lace. Petticoats are trimmed with flounces of scalloped needle-work; and also the gown, which rises about three or four inches above the petticoat. The ruffs are composed of four frills of worked muslin or leno, scalloped at the edge; the deepest frill hangs down on the neck about a quarter of a yard; the other three are progressively narrower. These are extremely becoming and pretty, and (I have no doubt) will be introduced into our country. Rings are much worn. The ladies, in general, have very pretty white hands; and, in truth, they take great care of them. Small brilliants, and rings of various colored stones (the initials of each stone forming the letters of a name) are considered fashionable at present. Silk

* Four pounds, three shillings, and four pence, sterling.

redingotes are much worn; and even cloth ones I have seen, when the days have been rather cold. So much for the present fashions, which, it is said, will speedily undergo a great change.

In the sequel of her letter, the fair writer, having occasion to notice the appearance of the royal family at the theatre, gives the following description of

The Duchess of Angoulême's Opera Dress.

White satin petticoat; flounce of gossamer net, edged with satin trimming; short gossamer net gown, low in the back, and trimmed with several rows of scalloped lace; pearls twisted through the hair; pearl comb, and one row of very fine pearls round the head; full sleeves of net, fastened with white satin ribbon; satin tops, and deep ruffles of lace; bracelets, consisting of six rows of pearls; white shoes and gloves.—The Duchess (she adds) is a very fine woman, and a great favorite with the people.

Books *recently published.*

Miscellaneous.

Inquiry into the Causes of the general Poverty and Dependence of Mankind. By W. Dawson. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Quarrels of Authors; or Memoirs for our Literary History. By the Author of "Calamities of Authors." £1 4*s.*

Olio of Bibliographical and Literary Anecdotes. By W. Davis. 5*s.*

Account of the Trial—Lady Perceval against J. Mitford, esq. for Perjury. By the Editor of "The News." 5*s.*

Abridgement of Brady's Clavis Calendaria. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Arithmetical Preceptor. By Joseph Youle. 5*s.*

Dutch Grammar. By J. B. D'Hassendonck. 6*s.*

History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathens since the Reformation. By the Rev. W. Brown. £1. 5*s.*

Sermons. By the Rev. A. Fuller. 9*s.*

Voyage round the World. By Urey Lisiansky, Captain in the Russian Navy. £3. 3*s.*

Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century. By J. Nichols. Vol. VIII. £1. 7*s.*

Anecdotes of the English Language. By S. Pegge. 12*s.*

School for good Living. 6*s.*

Letters to two absent Daughters. By Mrs. Rundell. 8*s.*

Anecdotes of Music. By A. Burgh. £1. 11*s.* 6*d.*

Epitome of the second Edition of the Hortus Kewensis. By W. T. Aiton. 12*s.*

Letters of a Village Governess. By Elizabeth Bond. 18*s.*

The History of Fiction. By John Dunlop. £1. 11*s.* 6*d.*

Small Literary Patchwork. By Anne Clarke. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Juvenile Arithmetic. 1*s.*

Copper-plate Ciphering-Book. By T. Harvey. 4*s.* 6*d.*

English Expositor. By J. Lloyd. 2*s.*

Travels at Home. 6*s.*

Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary. By Peter Barlow. £2. 5*s.*

Historical Sketches of Politics and public Men, for 1813. 8*s.*

Principles of Christian Philosophy. 7*s.*

Notes and Observations on the N. Testament. By the Rev. W. Burkitt. £1. 10*s.*

Twenty Remedies against the Fear of Death. By J. Wilkinson. 1s.

The Bible, No. 1, price 6*d.*—to be continued weekly.—By the Rev. G. D'Oyley, and the Rev. Richard Mant.

Historical Sketch of the Doctrines and Opinions of the various Religions in the World, &c. By the Rev. David Williams. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Family Instructor; or Course of Scriptural Reading. By J. Watkins, LL.D. £1. 4*s.*

Langsdorff's Voyages and Travels. Vol. II. £1. 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Woodman's Hut, a Melo-dramatic Romance. 2*s.*

Poetry.

Specimens of the Classic Poets. By Ch. Abraham Elton. £1. 16*s.*

Isabel, and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. Esme Steuart Erskine. 6*s.*

Emancipation, in favor of Catholic Claims. By R. Dornan. 5*s.*

La Fontaine's Tales, imitated in English Verse. 12*s.*

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparté. By Lord Byron. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Wellington. By Ph. Dixon Hardy. 16*s.*

The Exile of Elba. By John Gwilliam. 3*s.*

Novels.

The Wanderer; or Female Difficulties. By the Author of Evelina, &c. £2. 2*s.*

Vaults of Lepanto. By T. R. Tuckett. 15*s.*

Victim of Intolerance, or Hermit of Killarney, a Catholic Tale. By Major R. Torrens. £1.

Love and War. By Alexander Stiven. 12*s.*

CHRONICLE.

The King.—Bulletin of May 7.—"His Majesty's bodily health is good: but his disorder continues undiminished."

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *May* 5, eleven pence, three farthings—*May* 12, 19, and 26, the same.

[*London, April* 25] A treaty of alliance, between the courts of Vienna and Naples, was concluded at Vienna, January 11.

[25] *Murder.*—April 6, at Aston-le-Walls, in Northamptonshire, Rachel Morris was found with one ear cut off, one eye cut out, and her head shattered to pieces with a spade, which was left sticking in her skull.—Her husband is charged with the murder, and committed for trial.

[25] *Sale of a Wife.*—April 23, a shoemaker, and preacher of the Gospel, publicly exposed his wife for sale in Smithfield, with a halter about her waist, and sold her for twenty-nine shillings.

[27] *Posting.*—Many of the post-masters in the interior of our island have reduced the price of posting to fifteen pence a mile—some to a shilling.

[27] *Steam-Boat.*—Last week a steam-packet was launched on the Tyne, to ply between Shields and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Such is the power of the steam-engine employed in propelling her, that, while steering up the river against the tide and a very strong fresh, and towing after her a number of boats, a small boat with six oars could not keep up with her.

[28] *Peace.*—April 23, conventions were signed at Paris, between Monsieur (as Lieutenant General of the kingdom) and each of the allied powers, for a general suspension of hostilities by sea and land.

[28] *Murder.*—Thomas Bryan, of Bilston in Staffordshire, in a fit of intoxication and jealousy, lately stabbed his wife with a carving-knife; which wound soon caused her death.

[28] *Stock-jobbing Conspiracy.*—Yesterday, the London Grand Jury found a bill of indictment against C. R. Berenger, Lord Cochrane, A. Cochrane Johnstone, R. G. Butt, Ralph Sandom, Alexander M'Rae, J. P. Holloway, and Henry Lyte, as concerned in that fraud, noticed in our Magazine for *March, page* 151.

[29] *Bologna, April* 6.—The Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII. made his entry into Parma on the 25th of March. As soon as the King of Naples was informed of the arrival of his Holiness at the out-posts on the Taro, his Majesty sent his principal chamberlain to meet him, to present him the homage of his filial piety. On the 31st the Sovereign Pontiff arrived at Bologna, and his Majesty immediately paid a visit to his Holiness; and on the 4th, he wrote him a letter, containing the following passage—"The chance of war having made me master of the states which you possessed when you were forced to quit Rome, I do not hesitate to replace them under your authority, renouncing, in your favor, all my rights of conquest to those countries."

[29] *Gottenburg, April* 11.—The Swedish Government has declared the ports of Norway under blockade, and has granted letters of marque against that country.

[29] Yesterday, was examined, at the office in Hatton Garden, Richard Ralph, who, after several unsuccessful attempts at suicide, had accused himself of murder and other heinous crimes, and desired to be delivered into the hands of justice.—He proved to be insane, and his self-accusation only fiction.

[30] *Brussels, April* 21.—Since the beginning of this week, all French Flanders, Artois, and Picardy, have hoisted the white flag. The few adherents of Bonaparte did not dare to resist longer.

[30] *Murder.*—On Friday last, the body of a man was found on the beach, near Sheerness, disfigured with a number of wounds, and having the head almost severed from the body.

[30] *Constable Pick-pockets.*—At Mrs. Beaumont's late assembly, a pickpocket introduced himself into the inside of the house; and, on being stopped by the servant, another of the gang rushed in, and offered to take the offender into his custody, as a constable. In the scuffle that ensued, the sham constable contrived to carry off a watch, and get off unmolested.

[30] *Old Bailey.*—Yesterday 34 prisoners were tried, 20 of whom were convicted of felony; and 14 were acquitted.—*Berenger*, indicted with others for the stock-jobbing conspiracy, appeared in court, but, not having sufficient bail, was committed to Newgate.

[*May* 2] The London Gazette of April 30 contains an order from the British Government, for blockading the ports of Norway.

[2] On Thursday, the R. Catholic Bishop of London received from Rome a communication authorising the Catholics of the United Kingdom to consent to the

royal *Veto* in the appointment of their bishops.

[2] From the late Paris papers, we learn that a suspension of hostilities had been agreed upon in Italy, and that Beauharnois had signified his accession to the acts of the Provisional Government.

[2] The Hereditary Prince of Orange arrived on Friday at Harwich, from Helvoetsluys, on board the Diana packet, Capt. M'Donough. He came *incog.* and assumed the name of Capt. H. George. He arrived in town on Saturday.

[2] *Forgery.*—April 24, the Hon. Frederic Cavendish was committed to the common jail in Dublin, under a charge of forgeries with intent to defraud the Bank of Ireland.

[2] *Crimes.*—On Saturday, at the close of the Old Bailey Sessions, ten malefactors were sentenced to transportation for life—six, for fourteen years—thirty-four, for seven years—four to imprisonment for six months in the House of Correction, Coldbath Fields — nine for one year—nineteen, for six months—seventeen for various periods in Newgate—nine to be privately whipped, and two publicly:—fourteen were fined, one shilling each, and twenty-one discharged by proclamation.

[3] *Turin*, *April* 19. — Prince Rospiglio has taken upon him the government of Tuscany, in the name of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Austria. The King of Naples, on surrendering the Grand Duchy, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants, wishing them happiness under their new Sovereign.

[4] Letters from Bremen state, that five gentlemen, burghers of Hamburg, having communicated to some of their friends the intelligence which they had received of the late revolution in Paris, were, by order of Marshal Davoust, immediately arrested, tried by a military commission, and shot!

[4] The Ex-empress Josephine (Bonaparté's repudiated wife) has been treated with particular kindness and attention by the august visitors at Paris. The Emperor Alexander has dined with her; and the other allied Sovereigns have paid their respects to her at her palace.

[4] *Rewards of Merit.*—The Marquis of Wellington has, by the Regent, been created *Duke* of Wellington; and Sir John Hope, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. Carr Beresford, have been created Barons.

[5] Intelligence from Paris states that Joseph and Jerome Bonaparté were travelling under escorts, supposed to be destined for the isle of Elba, but that Joseph escaped into Switzerland.

[5] *Ruin.*—Yesterday, two old houses in Lombard-street, Southwark, fell in ruins, and killed four of the inmates, besides seriously injuring three others.

[5] *Paris, April* 13.— In virtue of a convention between the ministers of the allied Courts and the envoys of Napoleon, furnished with powers, to which the Provisional Government accedes, the *ci-devant* Emperor renounces formally all kind of pretension to the crowns of France and Italy, and shall enjoy, in exchange, during his life, the isle of Elba, where a pension shall be paid to him and the members of his family —The Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, shall, at the approaching peace, be ceded in full property to the Empress Maria Louisa, who shall transmit them to her son, to whom the title of Prince of Parma and Placentia is granted from this time.

[6] *Hague, May* 2.—This being the day appointed for the first meeting of the assembly of the States General, the members of that body at present here met in the morning at ten o'clock in the palace of the Sovereign Prince, and took the oaths in the order of the provinces, as required by the Constitution.

[6] Permission has been granted to French prisoners of war in Russia to reside in that empire after their release, upon taking the oath of allegiance, and conforming to certain regulations.

[7] *Leghorn April* 16.—Private letters from Rome state, that her majesty the queen Maria Louisa de Bourbon, infant of Spain, ci-devant Regent of Etruria, is in that city. On the 19th of January, the King of Naples released her from the convent, where she had been confined for thirty months, without being suffered to communicate with any one. This extraordinary treatment on the part of Napoleon had for its object to relieve him from the payment of a sum of 400,000 francs, which he had arbitrarily assigned her, as a compensation for her dominions.

[9] *Louis XVIII* made his public entry into Paris on the 3d inst. in great pomp, and amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy from the entire population. He first repaired to the cathedral church of *Notre Dame*, where the "*Te Deum*" was solemnly sung—and thence to the palace of the Tuilleries. On his way thither, at the moment of his

arrival at the Pont Neuf, Madame Blanchard ascended with a balloon, amid loud discharges of artillery; and, when she had attained a certain height, several carrier pigeons were let loose, to convey the glad tidings to every part of France.—The allied sovereigns, from motives of delicacy, forbore to take any part in the solemnities of the day, and contented themselves with viewing the procession *incognito*.—The next day, they visited the king; and there was a grand review of the allied troops, at which the *Duke* of Wellington was present.—It is to be observed, that Louis, on the day previous to his grand entry, issued a declaration, in which he signifies his readiness to accept the *bases* of the constitution, but objects to some of the *articles*, and convokes the Senate and Legislative Body for the 10th of June [since changed to the 31st of May] in order finally to arrange it.

[9] By an article from Milan we learn, that, on the news arriving there of the great events at Paris, the people immediately assembled, and demanded the heads of Bonaparté's ministers, one of whom, M. de Prina, the minister of finance, they seised and put to death; the rest escaped.

[9] The "Morning Chronicle" of this date says—"We have the satisfaction of being able to say, upon unquestionable authority, that the ex-empress was most desirous of following the fortunes of her husband; and that she resisted all the attempts that were made to persuade her to abandon him. At length she was told, decisively, that she could not be permitted to accompany him; and she was forced to yield to the state policy which separated her and her son from Bonaparté for ever."

[10] *Florence, April* 16.—The island of Corsica has thrown off the yoke of Bonaparté, and declared for Louis XVIII. Three deputies from the island arrived on the 14th at Leghorn, to solicit from Lord Bentinck the protection of England.

[10] *Schafhausen, April* 27.—Joseph Bonaparté arrived on the 24th, in the morning, at Lausanne, with a Spanish General and two domestics. He went to see his brother Louis, who resides at Lausanne. The 25th he continued his route to Vevey. Jerome Bonaparté has arrived at Neufchatel, and intends to proceed to Bern.

[10] *Helder, May* 5.—This place, the surrounding forts, and the fleet, have been given up to-day to the troops of his Royal Highness the Prince Sovereign of the Netherlands.

[12] A conflagration at St. Jago de Cuba, on the 29th of February, caused destruction and damage to the amount of 30,000 dollars.

[11] An extraordinary discovery is said to have come out respecting the Pope's *Concordat*, under sanction of which supposed holy instrument, the French clergy assumed their sacerdotal offices under Bonaparté, viz. that this *Concordat* was not signed by his Holiness, but forged, to answer the political frauds of the moment.

[13] *Outrages at Nottingham.*—Letters from Nottingham represent that the nefarious practice of frame-breaking continues to prevail there, to the great annoyance and alarm of the town and neighbourhood.

[13] In the House of Commons yesterday, ministers agreed, on the suggestion of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, and other members, to increase the provision for the Duke of Wellington to £13,000 per annum, charged upon the consolidated fund, with a provision authorising the lords of the treasury to advance a sum not exceeding £400,000, to be invested in land; the annuity to be cancelled in proportion as the last-mentioned sum is laid out in the purchase of estates.

[14] *Corunna, April* 28.—The Cortes have been acquainted, that the President of the Regency has put into the hands of his majesty, according to the decree of the 2d of February last, a copy of the Constitution, which his majesty received with the greatest pleasure, declaring, that all his efforts should be directed to promote the good of the nation.

[14] The Paris papers contain an order from the allied sovereigns, (of May 9) positively enjoining the surrender of the administration of the provinces of France, in their occupation, to the French authorities.

[16] Accounts from Norway, of the 24th ult. state that the diet had determined upon the bases of a Constitution, rendering Norway an hereditary limited monarchy, and declaring Prince Christian King. But it has lately been asserted in the Dutch papers, that positive orders had been sent by the king of Denmark to the prince, to give up Norway, with all its fortresses, to Sweden, on pain of being considered as a traitor.

[16] *French Navy.*—A decree of Mon-

sieur, dated the 21st ult., published in the Moniteur of the 11th instant, directs the reduction of the French navy, on the signature of preliminaries, to 13 ships of the line, 21 frigates, and some smaller vessels.

[16] A discovery has been made at Truro of a quantity of flour adulterated with clay used in making china; flour being there sold by weight, and two quarts of the adulterated flour weighing as much as three of the pure.

[17] *Venice, April* 23.—This place and all the forts dependent upon it were delivered on the 20th to the Austrian troops.

[17] *Green Peas* were sold, last Saturday, in Covent Garden market, at the price of four guineas per quart!

[18] The House of Correction, in Cold-bath-Fields, is so full of prisoners, that the governor has sent to the magistrates of the different police-offices, requesting that they will send any prisoners for farther examination to the other prisons, *pro tempore.*

18] There is an officer in the Foot Guards, whose agility is spoken of in a manner that almost exceeds belief. It is said he can leap in and out of a coach window, without being perceived by the driver; and from the iron palisades in the street into a drawing-room window, and surprise the company by his sudden arrival among them.

[19] *Bonaparté*, after having experienced various insults from the inhabitants of the places through which he passed on his route from Fontainebleau—and been more than once in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice to their fury—embarked, on the 28th of April, on board an English frigate, at Fréjus (the place where he formerly landed, on his return from Egypt), and, on the 4th of May, debarked at Elba, and took possession of the island, amid the acclamations of the people. He afterwards proceeded immediately to church, and, when the service was finished, went to view the fortifications.—He is said to have ordered a very large collection of books from Paris, with the intention of devoting the remainder of his life to study.

[19] The last Paris papers contain an account of a solemn funeral service for the late kings, Louis XVI and XVII, and the late Queen, and Madame Elizabeth. A private letter says that this procedure was censured by many, who thought it announced a very early determination not to suffer the past to be forgotten.

[19] Intelligence from Madrid, of April 29, states that great anxiety prevailed in that capital, and dissensions in the Cortes, in consequence of King Ferdinand's delay to give an answer respecting his acceptance of the Constitution, and his return to the seat of government.

[19] The French prisoners at Norman Cross, to the amount of four thousand, and upwards, are very refractory, and peremptorily refuse to acknowledge the new government of France.

[20] *Paris, May* 15.—We are assured that the king has nominated Prince Eugene (Beauharnois) a Marshal of France. His majesty told him that he hoped there would be peace; but that, if occasion required, he should be employed with the greatest confidence.

[20] A tax, to the amount of 5,000,000 francs (in the nature of a loan, to be ultimately repaid) has been imposed on the inhabitants of Paris, for the purpose of supplying the armies in and near Paris with provisions.

[21] The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia often enter the theatre or opera, at Paris, together, arm in arm, without a single attendant. They pass together or alone from one box to another during the evening, as they discover company which they are desirous of joining.—The Emperor of Austria never goes to public places, but in great state, attended by his great officers, and a guard.

[21] Some anonymous inflammatory hand-bills, distributed in the course of last week, exciting the laboring manufacturers to dissatisfaction at the pending alteration in the corn laws, caused large assemblies of idle and riotously disposed persons to hang effigies of several respectable millers, farmers, and bakers, in various parts of Norwich on Saturday. The market, in consequence, was thinly attended, and less done than in many preceding weeks, to the great injury of all classes.

[24] A private subscription theatre has lately been built at Madras, at the expense of 60,000 rupees.

[24] *Murder.*—On Wednesday last, at Bath, Henry Adlam having, in a fit of intoxication, grossly abused his wife, and bestowed on her a most opprobrious appellation, she snatched up a knife, and threatened him, if he dared to repeat the

word. He did repeat it; and she immediately inflicted on him a wound, of which he died next day.

[24] *Bible Society.*—From the anniversary Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society on the 4th inst. it appears that the total issue of Bibles and Testaments by the Society, both at home and on the Continent, amounted to 1,026,845; and, if to these be added 122,000 printed or printing, by Societies in Europe only, aided by the Society at home, the total amount will be 1,158,850 copies.

[25] *Costly Music.*—From a newspaper dispute relative to Dr. Busby's intended concerts, it appears that Monsieur Vallabrique, Madame Catalani's husband, demanded *five hundred guineas per day* for that lady's performance.

BORN.

April 22. Of Mrs. Erskine, Great Quebec-street, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Perkins, Park-street, Southwark, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Lysons, Rodmarton, Glocestershire, a daughter.

23. Of the Hon. Mrs. Laurence Sullivan, a son.

25. Of Countess Delaware, a son and heir.

26. Of Mrs. Vialls, Twickenham, a daughter.

Of Lady Gertrude Sloane, a daughter.

28. Of Lady Ridley, a daughter.

30. Of Mrs. Captain Wise, a daughter.

Of the Hon. Mrs. Grenfell, a daughter.

Of Lady Malcolm, a daughter.

May 2. Of Mrs. Tattersall, Grosvenor-place, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Trower, Portman-sq. a daughter.

5. Of Mrs Codrington, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, twin girls.

9. Of Lady Edmonstone, a daughter.

13. Of the Hon. Mrs. Courtenay Boyle, a son.

15. Of Mrs. Garrow, Sutton, a daughter.

20. Of the Hon. Mrs. Pell, a son.

MARRIED.

April 21. The Rev. D. Isaac Gosset, to Miss Dorothea Lind.

25. L. Deighton Smith, esq. of Homerton, to Miss Harriet Spedding.

28. Richard Potts, esq. of Hackney, to Mrs. Fowler.

30. W. Boyd, esq. of Brunswick-place, to Miss Christie.

H. Busk, esq. of Upper Seymour-street, to Miss Maria Green.

May 3. Pelham Warren, M. D. to Miss Penelope Shipley.

May 4. Francis Willes, esq. to Miss Caroline Whichcote.

Edward Paston, esq. of Appleton, Norfolk, to Mrs. Stapleton.

6. The Rev. John Penrose, to Miss Eliza Cartwright.

7. The Count of St Antonio, to Miss Johnstone, of Hanover-square.

10. G. James Cholmondeley, esq. to Miss Catharine Francis.

12. W. T. Welfitt, esq. of Manby-Hall, Lincolnshire, to Miss Judith Calvert.

John Goodman, jun. of Oare-House, Wilts, to Miss Sarah Austin.

12. Christopher Graham, esq. of New Bridge-street, to Miss Sarah Smith.

17. John Henry Eccles, esq. of Clapham Rise, to Miss Harriett Jenner.

The Rev. J. W. Vivian, to Miss Catharine Griffin.

DECEASED.

April 21. Madame Marie Anne Tancrede de Hauteville.

23. The Rev. Timothy Priestley.

25. John Clarke, esq. Foley-place.

At Bath, Paul Amsink, esq.

26. Frances, daughter of the late Sir J. Wrottesley.

27. Sir James Musgrave, bart.

Col. W. Blair, Stratford-place.

28. Mrs. Admiral Halkett.

29. John Croker, esq. father to the secretary of the Admiralty.

30. Lieut.-gen. Sir. W. Congreve, bart.

May 3. Mrs. Mary Moore, Long Melford, Suffolk.

Of a broken heart, David Bolton, esq. many years preceptor to the Queen and Princesses.

9. Charles Smith, esq. Portland-place.

10. Mrs. Mercer, Queen Anne-street.

11. Mrs. Abdy, Rectory-house, St. John, Southwark.

12. Chas. Luther Watson, esq. Brompton.

The Earl of Belvedere.

Caroline Anne, daughter of Viscount Clifden.

[14] *Lately*. Mrs. Hannah Alder, Hammersmith.

17. The Earl of Onslow.

Lately. At Mile End, Mrs. Cam, *aged* 100. She retained her faculties to the last, and could read and work at her needle, without spectacles.

18. Miss Caroline Nesbitt, Upper Brook-street.

[24] *Lately*. The Rev. David Davis, Vicar of Stockland, &c.